SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. II.—NO. 32. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1853. WHOLE NO., 84.

The Principles of Nature.

THE DESPOTISM OF OPINION.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

Opinions are often greater despots than men. When an opinion has acquired the undisputed dominion over a man's mind, no incarnated tyranny is half so merciless and inflexible. We all have a feeling that we can not exactly define, that there is something wrong about the influence and power that opinions have over the freedom and humanity of man—that although they may be honestly entertained and conscientiously pursued, yet in numerous cases they stealthily acquire such a dominion over the individual as to rule, or lead, or drive him with an overpowering authority. There is no more cruel and deadly enemy of the "sovereignty of the individual" than the aggressive and domineering influence of opinion over his mind and conscience. I do not remember, in my reading, of having seen this subject clearly treated of—at least so well treated of as its importance demands. I propose making a short paper on this head.

The sovereignty of the individual, exercised at his own cost, has a wider significance and profounder import than that of its application to political and social life. It is the law of freedom, self-government, justice, and harmony in the mental and spiritual spheres, as well as in the social and political. It is the profoundest scientific formula of liberty, equity, and harmony ever announced to the world—all social science reduced to a single axiom. Let us apply it to the analysis of our present subject.

It is a decree of Nature that every individual should be free to think and do just as he pleases, provided he take upon himself the consequences of so thinking and doing—provided he hurts nor injures no one else. This is the just limitation of his sovereignty. Within this circumference lies his liberty, and if he passes beyond it he is an aggressor and despot, and not fit to be his own sovereign, and must, accordingly, be restrained. This aggression is the necessity which originated, justifies, and upholds civil police. The whole machinery of government rests upon it, and when this maxim is *observed* by each individual there is an end to governments. It is the aggression of individual right—the disregard of the true limit of a man's sovereignty—his using it at the cost of others instead of his own, that begets all compulsory establishments; and no man has a right to complain of restraints so long as he is himself an aggressor, or, in other words, does not take upon himself all the consequences of his freedom. Within this circumference of a man's liberty is the expression of his individuality, so as to consist and harmonize with the like liberty and expression of individuality of all others. The concordant result of all which expressions of individual character is the true *society*. It is easy to see that this limitation allows the exercise of freedom by the individual only in the *right direction*, and that under it no man has a right to do wrong, or commit sin, or do crime, *i. e.*, work hurt or injury to others, for the obvious reason, that he can not do so *at his own cost*. Moreover, no man *will* do so, willingly, when not himself aggressed, and tolerated in his greatest possible freedom, consistent with the freedom of others, for there is no man but inherently loves equity, and will live it when allowed to do so. The only way in which we *can* be free is by taking the consequences of our freedom upon our several selves, and to be thus free we must be equitable, just, and in harmony and accord with our fellows. Restraints and constraints are abhorrent to a man's nature, and he is in ceaseless rebellion against them; and when he is able to, and does, govern himself at his own cost, take upon himself all the consequences of the exercise of his freedom, no authority in heaven, or on earth, civil, political, or ecclesiastical, has the shadow of a right to restrain or coerce him. Crime or sin comes from the want or denial of this liberty, or, which is the same thing, its converse, aggression and slavery. I say "the same thing," because where there is no liberty there *must* be slavery, as what is not right *must* be wrong, there being no middle or neutral ground. The denial of this freedom, or, in other words, the aggression of the individual's sovereignty, throws him out of his equitable and true relations with his fellows, and crime and sin, that is, injury to others, is the inevitable consequence. This has been elaborately shown in former articles, which I have written for your paper.

But this formula of freedom requires that the individual should be sovereign of himself. Now what is meant by being sovereign of oneself? I take it to mean, among other things, that a man must be the sovereign of his opinions, instead of suffering them to be his sovereigns, and he their subject and slave—that he must *govern them*, instead of being arbitrarily governed by them. That he must rise above them, and look down upon them, and survey, and govern, and control them at will. That he should never suffer them to gain the ascendency over him, and dominate his individuality. That he should ever reserve the right of modifying, amending, or abolishing them, and preserve his sovereignty as supreme over all institutions, creeds, and doctrines. There is no slavery so execrable as moral and spiritual slavery, and no tyranny so inveterate and imperious. It applies itself to the soul of man, imposes shackles upon his free thought, and carries captive his conscience. If he would escape its chains, he must not surrender his "private judgment" to any form of doctrine, creed, or opinion; but examine them, affirm or reject them, without allowing them to usurp dominion over him, prescribe bounds to his thought and action, hem him in and narrow him down, stultify and obsess him, and finally rob him of all mental and spiritual freedom. The man himself is more sacred than his opinions—more Divine than any creeds or revelations. He is of more importance, more use, and more glorious than any institute or doctrine, and to preserve *him* a sovereign and a free man—to enable him to develop and disclose his true manhood, is a more sacred "mission" than to authoritate and evangelize any opinion or creed under heaven. This was the doctrine that Christ taught. He affirmed that man was superior to all human laws; that he was above all institutions; that he was more sacred than altars, and sacrifices, and rites, and ceremonies; that he was his own law. He affirmed by his glorious life, and all his teachings, the Divinity of the humanity—the sovereignty of the human soul—freedom of thought, liberty of conscience, and the right of private judgment. He was no orthodox bigot or intolerant Pharisee, but a freeman—free in thought, speech, and action—the first pronouncer of democracy and its great apostle.

Now by "*opinions*" I do not mean the facts and formula of science, or any thing exactly determined and necessary, like the truths of mathematics, or law, fact, or phenomena, which is *knowledge*, but mere abstract, speculative notions that are incapable of scientific demonstration, and which rest upon inference, deduction, presumption, or assumption. I will illustrate what I mean. That there is such a thing as evil, and that the law of its action is to lead invariably to pain, discord, and misery, is *fact* and *scientific demonstration*; but as to how, and when, and where, and for what purpose it was introduced into the world, is mere speculation, and every one has his own "*opinions*," theory, or hypothesis. Almost all creeds, confessions of faith, theological tenets, and sectarian dogmas, belong to this latter category.

The mind is of such a subtile substance or entity, that it can be imbued with an idea or opinion, and formed and molded by it. It is of highly plastic material, and exquisitely subject to all foreign impress and influence. In its original state it has a Divine symmetry, grace, and integrity; and if all its native tendencies were suffered to grow freely to intellectual and spiritual maturity, it would display all the Divinity and beauty of true manhood. But from its earliest hours it is thwarted and deformed by extraneous influences and misdirecting opinions. These cast it off its true balance or center, and leave it a prey to bigotry, intolerance, and dogmatism—the infallible results of a mind out of equilibrium, or off its center of gravity. But it is susceptible, at any period of its history, to deflection and bias. It can be hallucinated by an idea, and its very structure molded into conformity with it. A system or doctrine, long studied and believed to the exclusion of other and varied themes of inquiry, gives its own cast or form to the mind, and so works itself into its very constitution as to possess or "*obsess*" it completely, and proscribe and enslave every other thought of the man. It restricts the sphere of his liberty, contracts his thought, blockades his mind against the reception of other truth, or rivets him in error; constitutes his standard true or false, by which he judges and measures all other systems or opinions, and affirms whatever quadrates with it, and rejects and denounces whatever contradicts it. The *man* soon becomes so lost and sunk in the system, and so identified with it, that it becomes his common sense, and his philosophy, and all that inconsists with it is ridiculous and absurd. It is his stand-point, from whence he views all other theories, and approves or condemns them accordingly, as they appear well or ill from that point. It is a notorious fact, that the mind can be *magnetized* by an idea, a system, or doctrine, as effectually and permanently as by any other means or influence. It can be fascinated and spell-bound by a theory, opinion, or impression, and revel in it as the brightest reality and profoundest truth, until some more powerful charm draws it out of the delusion into another, or sets it free. It is, moreover, a peculiarity of the obsession, that the victim never suspects the delusion while in the sphere of it, but when he is withdrawn from it he wonders at his former insanities! I will give you an illustration. I sit down with an impressible "subject," and in a few minutes throw him into a mesmeric trance, and impress his mind, or "obsess" him, with some absurd and ridiculous conceit, well-detailed and coherent; and with this conceit upon his mind he awakes. He believes no other than that it is all real, and reasonable, and right. He reasons ingeniously upon it, and skillfully reconciles all contradictions and incongruities into harmony with it, or else rejects and denounces *them* as absurd and fantastical. He never suspects the delusion; but is implicitly assured of its reality and truth, and is bigoted and dogmatic in its belief. You can not reason him out of it. The only way to release him is to dissipate the enchantment by a superior attraction, or by the same means it was induced. In like manner when an opinion, dogma, or creed takes exclusive possession or fast hold of the mind, whether by education, authority, or long-continued thought and investigation, confined to it, it *thus* magnetizes or hallucinates the individual—binds him in a spell that hoodwinks and deludes him, and induces him to see as common-sense realities the wildest conceits and fancies! The strongest minds can be thus entranced and enslaved by a system or theory, and their free thought and manly liberality changed into the harshness and immobility of the bigot and dogmatist. In proportion as the mind is biased in favor of a system by early education, by authority, by fear, by hope, or by long habits of thought in that direction, in such proportion is its liberty and sovereignty gone, and is it enslaved. The hallucination or obsession of the mind by an idea or theory furnishes the true explanation of the physical phenomena of prejudice, bigotry, and intolerance. They are the dominance and obsession of the mind by an opinion—its abnormal condition and action while out of harmony with itself, or off its equilibrium—lopsided, malformed, and monstrous! And yet such is the delusion, that the victims of them know not of their insanity (for insanity it is), but complacently believe themselves never so sane, free, and liberal! Their mental eyes become adapted to the sphere of light, or rather darkness, in which they are, and they accordingly see all things in that false and fatuous light. The mind, hallucinated by an idea or system, or, which is the same thing, prejudiced, bigoted, and enslaved by it, and that, too, without being aware of its condition, is as decidedly insane as the lunatic in the hospital who believes that he is the Holy Ghost or Jesus Christ. It is a difference only in *degree* of hallucination. The malady is of the *same* nature in each; both are unbalanced, and poising on false centers. The conceit or idea has absorbed their entire individuality, and ignored the man. All bigotry, bias, or prejudice is insanity—all sectarianism, hallucination, and monomaniaism. They are the results of deranged, obsessed, and inequilibrated minds—minds infatuated and deluded by the fascinating charm of dogma or creed. No man can calculate the amount and extent of insanities prevalent at this day. More than two thirds of the mental and moral worlds lie entranced in sectarian dogma! We see almost every man we meet obsessed by some controlling prejudice, and diligently following out his insanity! This world looks to me sometimes like a vast insane asylum—a Blackwell's Island on a mammoth scale, with its lunatics, and prisoners, and blind, and deaf, and dumb! No wonder Swedenborg believed, when he saw this world *uncovered*, that "almost the entire world of Spirits at this day is insane."

Suppose that we were all reared in the native and spontaneous faith of the human family, namely, the intuitive faith of our immortality; of the Spiritual world, its nearness to this world and its similarity, yet superiority; our continued existence there in the *same* persons, in improved conditions; the guardianship of angels or Spirits; our native integrity and guiltlessness; the universal love and goodness of God; the harmony and fellowship of our kind, etc; and that we had never heard of the sectarian notions now prevalent; and we were to hear, for the first time, a modern orthodox priest, vehemently preaching his prime dogma of God's curse upon the human race, man's inherent diabolism, eternal hell's fire and brimstone, the dragon, the atonement, the cruel sacrifice of the Deity, the burning up of the world at the last day, and the resurrection of the material body and its reunion with the soul; and that whoever believes this will be saved, and whoever don't will be damned (and commending the former, and thundering out anathema against the latter), etc., we would all, of one accord, declare him insane, and agree that he should be confined in a lunatic asylum! And yet the Christian world is so deluded and possessed by these, and the like insanities, as to erect them into a standard of intelligence, common sense, and morality! And it is by this standard it seeks to judge of the merits and truth of all philosophies, and invalidate the immutable revealments of science! But further; if you flatter a lunatic in his insanity, by yielding a ready assent to it, and coinciding with all its peculiarities, without discovering to him the least suspicion or doubt of it, you strengthen him in the hallucination, he makes friends with you, esteems and loves you. But contradict and resist his absorbing idea or insanity, and you forthwith excite in him a *furor* against you, and he becomes frenzied with denunciation, cursing, and raving. So likewise is it with the bigots and intolerants of sectarianism, who are insane in the same way—whose minds are out of their just equilibrium, biased, prejudiced, or hallucinated by dogmas. If you acquiesce in their creeds, and affirm their staple dogma, you gain their affection and esteem as an exemplary, wise, and good man. But if you deny and argue against their controlling "possessions," immediately you arouse their bright fury, and bring upon yourself an onslaught of anathema and denunciation as uncompromising and relentless as inquisitorial vengeance! I write this, not as an ill-natured animadversion upon the religious faith of those who differ from me, but I honestly put it forth as a *scientific fact*, demonstrating and illustrating an important psychical law—the law of sanity, which is the result of the natural and unperverted growth—the harmony and equilibrium of the mind of man, and I claim that all bigotry, bias, prejudice, intolerance, etc., are developments of the aberrant intellect—the abnormal displays of the mental faculties in a state of obsession, misdirection, or suppression.

"But," you say, "if I am a freeman at my own cost—if I am sovereign of myself, and can do as I please, so long as I take upon myself the consequences of my conduct, why may I not form my own opinions, and do all I can to promulgate them!" *Have* you formed your own opinions? Have they not been wrought into you by education, put upon you by authority, or taken by you upon trust? Have you ever questioned them—stood aside from them, and carefully examined their grounds, and by candid investigation affirmed them? Has your mind at any time been free from their influence or obsession, so as to qualify you to judge of them? You have a right, certainly, to form your own opinions. No one else has, nor *can* have the right to do so for you. You have also a right to do as you please at your own cost. But this formula of freedom, when closely scrutinized, will be found to allow you to do as you please, only in the *right direction*, the only way you can do so at your own cost, and this extends not only to your social behavior, but also to the exercise of your mind. Under the formula you have no right to do wrong to *yourself* any more than to others. Your fellows, each and all, have an interest in your integral growth and development—in your sanity, free thought, and liberality, and you have no more right to make a bigot of yourself, to enslave, obsess, and stultify your intellect, than you have to debauch yourself, put out your eyes, or commit suicide. Your bigotry and intolerance are *not* at your own cost; they offend against humanity, and are an attack upon the rights and liberties of mankind, and make you an aggressor and despot—not alone of others, but of yourself. They are an unconditional surrender of the highest prerogatives of your sovereignty—free inquiry, liberty of thought, and advancement in truth and righteousness. They are the sworn enemies of progression, and mental and moral development. They are the black angels of spiritual slavery and death! * * * * * * * *

Freemen! awake to a sense of the subtile and all-enslaving dominion of arbitrary opinion over your minds. Arouse from the delusive spells in which you are entranced! Summon to the bar of your mature reason the prejudices of your early youth; examine the grounds of your convictions; make inquisition into their history and origin; trace the stealthy march by which they have usurped the freedom and universality of your thought and inquiry; break the spell of bigotry which has made you a pillar of salt, and become a flying angel of Truth; resist and deny all authority of opinion and creed over your free thought, should it even come to you in the name of God, and be a *man* and not a dogma. Come to regard your opinions as the mere guide-posts or instrumentalities of your glory and happiness, and not your idols and deities. Learn that Liberty—the Sovereignty of the Individual at his own cost, operates in the mental world as well as the social, and that it is the cure of the thousand insanities in the mental and moral spheres, as well as the ten thousand ills in the social sphere—and that the "price of this liberty is eternal vigilance."

Nov. 4th, 1853.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

BY MRS. E. HEDDON.

I was born a Spiritualist. The morning dream of my life was of the Spirit-land. Every thing that was bright and beautiful on earth seemed to whisper of something brighter and more beautiful beyond this sphere. The blush of morning, the sparkling dew-drop, the pale moonlight, and the solemn grandeur of the star-lit sky were all fraught with a mysterious beauty, a wondrous intelligence. Nature was to me a divine revelation. Every tree, every flowing stream, every sighing breeze was full of inspiration. I could not look upon the material creation without a feeling of rapture, a consciousness of the presence of the Deity. There was no *loneliness*, no *solitude* in the wildest, rudest scenes; for God was there, and there I felt the presence of invisible beings, with whom my spirit held communion. And thoughts and emotions, to which no human language can give utterance, were impressed on my mind, as I listened, entranced, to the silent voices of nature.

Love, joy, harmony seemed to pervade and breathe through all the works of God, and every thing seemed to whisper of man's immortality, of boundless knowledge, and fadeless bliss in other spheres. But never did sun, moon, or stars, or fragrant flower, or sighing breeze, or angel whisperings, or aught in nature, give an intimation that a malignant Spirit shared the dominion of the universe, or that the human soul, the noblest work of God, was destined to become a *wreck*, a *failure*, a *spot* on the face of creation, endowed with immortality only that misery might be eternal. Such a dismal line is not found in the volume of God's revelation. Order, harmony, and endless progression are written on every glowing page, and love divine is the inspiring element of the universe. The dark mysteries of human creeds were all forgotten while in communion with nature, for there was unfolded a system of theology unlike that of any man-made book. "God is love," was written on every sunbeam, on every trembling leaf, and all the rolling waters murmured, "*God is love*." The heart's holy affections, its sweet and sacred ties, pure as angels feel, and stronger than death—these, too, pointed to another life, and to the great fountain of love in the bosom of the Spirit-Father. Existence seemed a glorious boon, and death but the unfolding door to higher realms.

But as years rolled on there commenced in my mind a strife between the teachings of nature and the authority of human systems. In the doctrines of various sects there were many things at which reason revolted. "But reason is carnal, and can not see aright," was the invariable reply from the teachers of divinity to every objection. Nature, too, they said, was dark, and the works of God could not reveal his attributes, or shed any light on the question of human destiny. "To the Bible alone we must look for spiritual instruction. Yet it did seem very strange that the *works of God*, which are spread out before all eyes, should have no significance, while a *book made by men*, and unheard of by nine tenths of the human race, should be the only vehicle of God's will to man. Yet to dispute its authority, or even to utter a doubt of its authenticity, was unpardonable presumption and audacity. I read and pondered on every page of this time-honored book, but nowhere could I find in the writings of poet, prophet, or apostle a thought, metaphor, or symbol which could convey to my mind such an overwhelming conception of the omnipotence and grandeur of the Deity, *as did one glance at the midnight sky*. And, notwithstanding it is assumed that all light respecting God and humanity is reflected from the Bible, yet it is an unaccountable fact that Dr. Young, and other orthodox writers, have demonstrated the immortality of the soul, the benevolence of God, and the doctrine of endless progression by arguments drawn alone from nature and reason. While forgetting their creeds, these men have given to the works of God and to human reason all the *divinity* which the Deist himself claims for them. They have admitted that creation

> "Is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand,
> For man's perusal, *all in capitals*;
> Who reads may understand, 'tis unconfined
> To Christian land or Jewry; fairly writ
> In language universal to mankind."

They affirm that it teaches the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul; that it unfolds the attributes of the Creator, inspires to virtue, and harmonizes the soul that studies its wondrous page. They admit that it was from the study of nature that Pythagoras, Socrates, Confucius, and all the ancient sages renowned for virtue, drew their inspiration; and what Bible saint of any age has ever excelled them in purity of life or sublimity of thought? And yet, when there is discovered a *discordance* between the ancient record and the teachings of nature, the latter are decried as *impotent*, *benighted*, and *fallacious*; while the former, though it puzzles and confounds its closest adherents, is proclaimed the *all-sufficient* and infallible guide. It was from the writings of Thomas Dick, Dr. Young, Chalmers, and others strictly orthodox, that my mind drew the arguments which settled its doubts and established its convictions that *nature* is the first and only revelation, and, when explored by science and reason, will unfold all that man in this life is capable of comprehending. By nature, I mean not only the material, visible creation, but the *wondrous human spirit*. Here is an inexhaustible mine, and the explorer shall find wealth in searching for the hidden mysteries of his being. The Bible has told us that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" but it has never told us of the mysterious beauties, angel sympathies, and Godlike capacities which lie all undeveloped deep within it. Nor can we yet imagine to what degree of elevation the noble, intellectual powers of man may rise, aided by science, reason, and Spiritual illumination. While it is the duty of mankind to study and practice all that is good and purifying in the Bible, still it is apparent that the superstitious veneration with which it has been regarded by thousands who do not even *profess* to understand it, is a most serious obstacle in the way of mental improvement and Spiritual progression. To *develop man* is the effort of this age; to unfold his Spiritual faculties, reveal the mysteries of his make, and bring into harmonious action all his heaven-born powers. To aid in this the angelic world is laboring, the noblest minds on earth are devoting all their energies; and even *inanimate nature almost speaks aloud to man*, as she throws open her storehouse of wonders, and invites him to scientific investigation.

> "The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
> Nor as a stranger does she wander there,
> But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
> Contemplating their grandeur, *finds her own*;
> Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
> More life, more vigor in her native air,
> And feels herself at home among the stars."

KEELEVILLE, *Nov. 20th.*

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1853.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Persons who send communications intended for the press should, if they desire to preserve them, invariably retain a copy, as we [illegible] ing of communications which, in our judgment, are of no value.

WINTER AND THE POOR.

If, through the multitude of possessions and comforts, or by any conceit, a man should forget that his race were mortal and dependent in their earth-life, he would only need to cast his eyes over the population of a great city to be reassured of the truth. There, scattered up and down, in the lanes and alleys, and garrets and cellars, the poor, in all stages of destitution, sickness, and wretchedness, are a startling proof that, however some of us may be exempt from the ills and sufferings of mortality, thousands of our fellows, in our midst and all around us, know no such exemption. Under the shadow of great warehouses, filled with silks and spices, and palace-dwellings, where fortune's seeming favorites are lapped in soft elysiums, scarcely dreaming that want and wo are in the earth, there lies and walks such misery, every day and hour of our lives, as can not be written nor uttered. If the earth with its fullness was given to man for his comfort and blessing, what a mockery seem those ship-holds, and store-lofts, and wharves piled with the fruit of rich harvests—enough, if it were distributed as humanity would dictate, to feed all—while there are those claiming to be our brothers, and whom we profess to regard as brothers, who are either starving for the want of a morsel of bread, or are driven forth to the commission of crime by their utter necessity and despair.

It is estimated that there are ten thousand adult persons in this city constantly dependent (most of them having families) for their livelihood upon their daily labor, who can count on no regular employment. Ten thousand persons, living from hand to mouth, working, if work can be had, for such pittance as crafty capital may dole out, and for the balance of the comforts of life beyond, what such chance-wages will provide, looking to the charity of the cold world! Ten thousand persons, able to work, with no sure income whereby daily bread may be secured for some twenty to fifty thousand men, women, and children! And not only bread, but clothing and shelter, and fires on the hearth to drive out the rude, inclement weather, when the frost comes biting at the crevice and window-pane, and the snow drifts about the door and is piled on the roof. Yet want and misery are not confined to these. There are other thousands who have regular employment and homes; but such employment as gives little more than a semblance of livelihood, and such homes as are a mockery. For these, as indeed for the class before named, society manifests little or no sympathy or care. So long as they appear able to work, and do not beg, no one troubles himself with their history or concerns. Day by day spirits are broken and hearts crushed among these thousands in our midst, who are too proud to reveal their wants, and too poor to keep off starvation by means of their own.

And there are thousands in this great city who are sick, and destitute, and friendless, who could not work if they would. Thousands racked with pains and fevers, who, instead of being pillowed on soft cushions, by pleasant firesides, with plentiful, seasonable food, and medical attendance, and gentle nursing, and solicitous inquiries of loving kindred, and friends to soften the couch of sickness—thousands we say there are, who, sick unto *death, it may be, lacking all these* appliances of wealth, are stretched on miserable beds of straw, wanting for the smallest comfort, asking not for delicacies and luxuries, but for a crumb of bread, a billet of wood upon the fire, a blanket to shut out the bitter cold, a dose of medicine to stay, if it were possible, a moment's agony. Women and children there are by the score, thus suffering and dying in this rich and proud city, which is taxed five millions of dollars to carry on its municipal rule. And men, too, once healthy, and strong, and happy, now bowed down by long deprivation and vain struggle with poverty and want, are gasping out their anguished lives all around us, though we little think of it, perhaps, because we see the external of our city only, and that is dazzling and grand—draped in silk and velvet, and gilded over with fine gold. The want and wretchedness of thousands and tens of thousands within the circle of this city's population, would appall the stoutest and hardest heart, if they could be laid bare to the world.

It is so under the most favorable circumstances. In the more genial seasons of the year, when the canopy of heaven is a tolerable shelter, and when mendicity can wander forth in quest of a pittance at the hand of charity, the destitute of a great city suffer beyond all conception of those who have not felt the hand of extreme want unanswered, poverty unpitied, sickness uncared for, misery of heart and brain without a friend to solace it, and a story of misfortune and wo, and no ear to listen to the tale. How much more terrible must it be when all that is mitigating in season and circumstance is past!—when the spring, and summer, and autumn are flown; when the skies are no longer soft and radiant with sunshine, and the pave warm to the bare foot of the beggar, who for months sought no pillow softer than the bosom of the earth! If the wants and distresses of the poor were overwhelming to many in the summer hour, what must they be now, when winter, with its frost, and sleet, and snow is come, and to starving is added freezing; when the garment of rags, and the rickety roof, and the straw pallet without blankets, and the red, swollen feet of childhood, driven forth unshod to beg along the street, look as though Providence had cast all her good things in the lap of the rich, and all misery and wretchedness at the doors of the poor. Oh, the poor suffer beyond the comprehension of the fortunate of the world! Disease, and starvation, and death stalk among them, and one by one they are borne out, coffined, and the grudging charity of their fellows buries them from the misery that pursued them relentlessly on earth.

If ever the fortunate owe a duty to the unfortunate, or the rich to the poor, by virtue of humanity, or Christianity, or brotherhood, it is now, at this most desolate and desolating season of the year; now, when the poor are driven to shelter, if it so be they can find shelter, and all their sense of destitution, sickness, sorrow, and despair is quickened to intensity. The season until now has been mild and genial; it has blessed the poor and outcast more than millions of dollars could have done. It has stood for fuel and garment, but its warm breath is past. The winter is now upon us, and the poor are a hundred-fold more wretched, whether stretched on beds of sickness or shivering and starving ere their health is all gone, than they were during the pleasant days that lie buried with the beautiful and bountiful autumn. And now, if ever, they claim the largest sympathy and aid of the more fortunate. The genial season has saved the rich millions in fuel, as well as blessed the poor. Would it not be a beautiful recognition of God's providence and bounty if the rich were to give that which the season has saved to them, and not only that, but a share of the stores they have accumulated by fortunate trade and traffic, to relieve the distresses of the poor—to soothe the sorrowing, heal the sick, give comfort to the dying, and hope and joy to the destitute of every degree? The poor are not to be all found at our door bells, begging for a morsel or a garment; thousands there are too proud to beg, and who will suffer on and die, rather than appeal to the cold heart of the world. There is work in the name of God for every true man to do, and that work is to see that the poor are not starving, nor freezing, nor in any way dying uncared for during these wintry days, within the shadow of our own doors.

No, the poor and suffering are not all summed in the crowd that gather at the door-bell. Among the really destitute, the most pitiable are not those who ask alms readily, and whose long habit of mendicity has rubbed the original blush that mantled on the cheek in better and happier days, quite out; no, they are a far different class. They are men, and women, and children, on whose past lives more or less of fair fortune and education have smiled; who have been forced down the hill of poverty by slow and painful degrees, and who still cling desperately to the thread-bare garb that bespeaks faded gentility. How many of these there are too proud to reveal the burden of their woes; too sensitive to unbosom the sad histories and secrets of their distress; poor, poor, miserably destitute! yet so preserving appearances that charity and sympathy fear rebuke if they offer aid. These are they who suffer most deeply and keenly, and for whom the eye and the hand of generous, fortunate humanity should be ever open and anxious. The habitual beggar is a happy being compared with him who, yielding to his fate, would rather perish than apply to the charity of the world for help. Such as these, and the sick, who can not go forth into the highways for a pittance, deserve the first care of the benevolent and philanthropic.

True it is, no man can alleviate all the poverty and distress he is liable to meet in a great city. Wretchedness surges to and fro in a vast and perpetual tide. It reaches forth a hand, and lifts up a supplicating voice at every corner, and its wants are innumerable. Yet every man who has plenty and independence, can do something—he can do much. He can sacrifice some accustomed temporal luxuries and enjoyments for the keener luxury of feeding a starving brother, clothing a tattered child, giving shelter to some defenseless head, and soothing, if only by a kind word, some overwhelming sorrow. It is the duty of every man to do something, be it never so little. A little done with a true spirit is noble. And the true way to do little or much is not to wait the ring of poverty at the door, but to look around in the near circle of one's home, and find the distress and relieve it. Half the benefaction will flow from its being spontaneous and unsolicited. No man need go far beyond the shadow of his dwelling to find all the wretchedness he can alleviate; and if all who can spare something were to thus hunt up the friendless poverty, sickness, and destitution of their immediate neighborhoods, and apply themselves to its cure, there would be little extreme suffering. Will not all our readers think of *it*, while winter is upon the threshold, and *before the sting of want has filled the hearts of the poor with despair.*

A WORD OF APPEAL.

Winter, approaching in regal garb, brings with it facts and associations over which not only the Christian and philanthropist, but the most worldly-minded, may well ponder. In this great city there is always a vast want and suffering among the poor. The most propitious of the seasons—neither the gay spring, bursting with buds and leaflets, the glorious summer, flush with the bloom of flowers and foliage, nor the ripe, majestic autumn, golden with the perfect fruitage of the year, can stay the boundaries of want, sickness, and pain among thousands in our midst. The poor we have always with us, and in all seasons they appeal to us through their misfortunes and miseries; appeal to us as brothers and sisters, to whose doors and hearth-sides it is possible that poverty and destitution may also come. But their appeal is a hundred-fold strengthened with the approach of the season of frost and snow, when the cellar and garret are no longer warmed by the genial sun; when the thin and tattered garments no longer shield the wearers from the biting wind, and enfeebled want, which trembled even in balmiest days, is made withered and powerless by the cold. On every side, within the shadow of almost every happy and comfortable home, there is some degree of poverty, from simple want to absolute and awful destitution, which the hand of plenty and competence is called to relieve. It may be only a little food, or fuel, or raiment, or a pittance of money that shall bring medical aid to the sick and sore, or a kind word even, spoken in solace to the sorrowing and dying, that shall lighten many a sad and cheerless dwelling as with the radiance of angels.

How easy, how beautiful and God-like a thing it is if we would but answer the impulse of generous humanity, to lighten much of this darkness of want round about us! If each who has above his or her actual need—and how many thousands have abundance over every reasonable want—would take the circle of a single block, and inquire into the suffering of the poor and unfortunate, and administer relief according to their means, how quickly the tide of suffering and misery would recede, and a song of gladness rise over the wail of want and pain. Poverty, indeed, can beg its bread, but shall we force misfortune, which may yet be our own, to cringe to us for a grudging charity? Must the poor not only suffer their poverty, but also the shame of sensitive mendicity? Besides, there are thousands not absolutely destitute, who, though they suffer more terribly—considering that they have been reduced from comfort, and perhaps affluence, by misfortune—will sooner starve than ask alms. Shall these have no recognition of brotherhood with us, save through the crusts and bones we cast into the beggar's sack?

There is not wanting spirit or means to alleviate the distresses of poverty, if society will only pause for a moment from business and pleasure, and think of the poor. Wealth has no shield that can resist the appeal of haggard want to its human nature. The proudest can be brought to see a duty and a joy in helping the humblest and poorest, for not far off are the gates of death, and the seat of judgment, whereon God sits, to call every soul to an account for what it shall have done for itself and its brother. Before God, then, let the rich and proud, and all who have plenty, stand and consider what they owe this day, and every day this coming winter, to the poor and distressed. Let them consider it in the light of that future reckoning, when, even the skeptic may believe, a life of merciful and good deeds will not tell *against* the human soul.

C. D. S.

SPIRITS IN GREAT JONES STREET.

In September last I received a lengthy written statement of Spiritual Manifestations, which occurred in a house in Great Jones Street, in this city. The parties being slaves to popular prejudice, declined to testify over their own signatures, but I take the liberty to make brief extracts from the communication:

Mr. A——, the young medium alluded to, is in no way connected with any established circle, and all the other persons comprising the company were unbelievers in Spiritual Manifestations, and the subject was altogether new to them. After the usual process, as I understand it to be, of magnetizing a heavy, mahogany table, which I found it difficult to move without the application of much physical force, it seemed to be instinct with life and endowed with intelligence. The table tipped once for a negative, and twice for an affirmative, and in every instance correctly. Without the hands of the medium touching it, the table moved round the room, making a circuit of several feet, and tipped into the laps of several persons sitting in different parts of the room, and raps were made in the center of the table.

Also, a pen was placed in the hand of one of the company, a stranger to the facts inquired about, and the pen was moved without the volition of the holder of it, and wrote out true answers to questions put by other persons.

Well, friends, these facts are all well enough, and similar ones are of constant occurrence all over the country, and in your very midst. Doubtless you have read statements of similar phenomena, over the signature of the parties who witnessed them—and have you believed? If not, how can you expect people to believe your statement *without your names?* With the mass of the people, it is no more oracular for occurring in Great Jones Street, than it would have been had it occurred at the Five Points. Neither will people of common integrity excuse any shrinking from the responsibility of stating such facts. The popular pleadings of fashion, pride, or place will not do for time, much less for eternity.

Spirits go where they list, and make a medium of whomsoever they choose, and to them, and to the Author of their mission, are you responsible for concealing the light of immortality which they have given.

Your belief that it is usual and necessary to magnetize a table before the Spirits can move it, is erroneous. I have seen tables move which had not been touched by mortal hand for hours and days, and when fifteen or twenty feet distant from any person. I have seen them taken entirely up from the floor, and moved out of the circle, beyond the reach of any person, and there turn top side down, when no person had magnetized nor touched it. Indeed, most of the physical demonstrations I have witnessed have occurred when least expected, and immediately upon entering a room or sitting at a table.

The letter indicates that the writer believed in the theory of imparting intelligence and animation to tables through the laying on of hands, after the manner in which the Christian clergy go through with the ceremony of laying on of hands, yet without imparting the power or believing in its existence. No person, in this case, feeling wisdom going out of him into the table, it is but just to say the company in Great Jones Street, with one accord, gave to Spirits the credit of this manifestation.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

"KEEP PEACE IN THE FAMILY."

We extract the following from a letter just received from a friend who resides in Pennsylvania. We think the writer acted wisely, and we trust that the TELEGRAPH will—in the same manner of course—be the means of preserving the peace of many families.

——, *Nov.* 14, 1853.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Send me the TELEGRAPH from the time my subscription ended, for I have not had one minute's peace since it stopped. My wife scolds, children cry, and my father and mother are constantly teasing me to know why the TELEGRAPH does not come; but you had better believe that I keep dark about it; you and I know the reason, and that is enough.

I take in my family eight different papers, and there is no one more sought after than the TELEGRAPH. My father has been all his days a confirmed Deist until within the past three months, but he is now as firm a believer in the Bible as ever you saw, and to all appearances he is a perfectly happy man.

I have been greatly amused lately in talking with a man in my employ who belongs to the Methodist church. He is quite a strong believer in Spiritual Manifestations, but thinks it bad policy to *agitate* the question, for fear that the church and priest will suffer in consequence. But truth and justice must prevail though the heavens fall.

Yours, truly, * * *

TANGIBLE MANIFESTATIONS.

We have received one letter from Ohio calculated to weaken the claims of the alleged remarkable manifestations at the house of Mr. Koons, but we have personally conversed with several gentleman from that region in whose veracity we have great confidence, and they assure us that the statements heretofore published are strictly true, and that similar phenomena are perpetually recurring.

UNLFIELD, DOVER TP., ATHENS CO., O., *Nov.* 5, 1853.

I am now at J. Koons', where the wonderful manifestations occur. I have had one extended and one brief interview with the Spirits. My previous experience is fully corroborated. I have again seen them, talked with them, and shook hands with them, as really and *substantially* as one man shakes hands with another. This process is a *bona fide* transaction; not like the act of shaking hands with Spirits by clairvoyants, but the hand is a hand, and no mistake. Again, writing was done without human hands; and indeed volumes are written in this way—and in no other way; a record of the whole is kept, and when it comes to the world, as it will some day, there will be a dreadful shaking among the dry bones of dogmatic theology. During the circles the hand is visible while the writing is done; the pencil and paper are also visible—visible alike to believer and skeptic. You have strong demonstrations through mediums North and East, but nothing so uniformly convincing, so tangible, so real, so beautiful, and magnificent as those which are almost daily occurring at this place. It is worth a journey of five thousand miles, twice told, to any man whose soul is developed to appreciate the beautiful, the sublime, and the true. This is no exaggeration. A question may arise: Why is only the hand visible and tangible? Let the Spirits answer. The elements on which this demonstration depends exist only in limited quantities; these elements they collect and condense into a hand, and part of the arm, and through this they operate the same as we do through our whole body. Should they wish to project a full form, it would then be like a transparent vapor, and visible only to the clairvoyant. They tell us that with the assistance of the odylic emanation of a good medium, this hand possesses the five senses, and becomes a physical tangible body.

The Spirit-band of this circle numbers one hundred and sixty-five; among them are found a number of pre-Adamite Spirits, who are now engaged in giving a history of the pre-Adamite period, which exceeds any thing I have yet *read* for general harmony and minutia of detail.

Arrangements are being made for another circle and band of Spirits two and a half miles hence, which will produce wonders. The band will be composed of seven hundred and twenty advanced Spirits. In the family where this circle is forming is a child who has been influenced by Spirits since six weeks old; another, who is clairvoyant, sees and describes Spirits, and is only three years old. There is also a man in this family who talks with Spirits daily. But why detail—the half can not be told.

I hope you will not listen to those men who basely slander the demonstrations at this place, and if you doubt, come and see for yourself.

JOHN B. WOLFF.

N.B. Your route would be, Cleveland, Columbus, to Lancaster, thence or from Logan by stage to Chauncy, thence on foot back two and a half miles to J. Koons'.

J. B. W.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

We have recently been called to examine some specimens of teeth, manufactured by Dr. James Ross, of Newark, N. J., which, *so* far as we are capable of judging, are superior to any we have yet seen. The particulars wherein Dr. Ross appears to excel others in his line, are, FIRST, uncommon skill in combining his materials so as to produce any conceivable shade that may be required to match the natural teeth; SECOND, in so adapting them to the mouth that they are worn with the most perfect ease and comfort, and may also be used with the same freedom which characterizes the appropriate use of the natural teeth; and, THIRD, in his mode of forming a full set, *in one solid block*. In this respect the full sets furnished by Dr. Ross are said to differ from those supplied by other operators in Practical Dentistry. To indicate the estimation in which the teeth manufactured by Dr. R. are held by the profession, we cite the testimony contained in the following "Card," which appeared a few days since in the Newark *Daily Advertiser:*

TO DENTISTS.—Having been employed in Practical Dentistry for several years, I have had occasion to examine the work of many persons employed in the manufacture of Artificial Teeth, and I am free to confess, and bold to affirm, that I have hitherto found none which, in my judgment, equal those made by DR. JAMES ROSS, recently of Baltimore, but now of this city (Newark). I have, moreover, employed in my professional business the teeth manufactured by Dr. Ross since the first of last April, and I shall continue to use them in preference to all others. I desire to commend, especially, to the favorable regard of the public, and to the attention of all who are engaged in the Art of Dental Surgery, the ONE-BLOCK SETS furnished by Dr. Ross. I have no hesitation in saying that they will doubtless stand longer, and that they may be used by the wearer with greater convenience and pleasure than any that have yet been submitted to my inspection.

W. W. WARD.

We have personally conversed with parties who have hitherto employed the services of other distinguished operators in Dental Surgery—whose utmost skill has failed to furnish a convenient substitute for the natural teeth—and the same persons assure us that they have found the greatest possible convenience and satisfaction in wearing the teeth manufactured and set by the gentleman referred to. We have thought it possible, in all cases, to distinguish artificial from natural teeth, but we must confess that some examples of the former have just been submitted to us which can only be detected by the most rigid scrutiny. Art can scarcely surpass them, either for utility or beauty. Those who have decayed teeth, and desire to consult their convenience, improve their health, or to adorn their persons, would do well to examine for themselves.

THE CAUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

We have just received a brief note from our esteemed brother, R. P. Ambler, from which we extract the following:

I have just returned from St. Louis, where I have been delivering a course of seven lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy. The cause in that city is in a very prosperous condition; my audiences were quite large, and composed of the most intelligent portion of the community. I shall, for the present, devote my time chiefly to lecturing, and I will get what subscribers I can for the TELEGRAPH. My residence is now here, at Albany, to which all communications for me should be addressed.

Thine fraternally, R. P. AMBLER.

We have also received a letter from a friend who resides in St. Louis, in which the recent lectures of Bro. Ambler, delivered in that city, are spoken of in terms of the highest commendation.

Bro. A. is authorized to receive subscriptions for the TELEGRAPH and for Books, and we will thank the friends of the cause wherever he may lecture to make a little effort to extend our circulation.

REPLY TO "J. W. McD."

ST. LOUIS, *Oct.* 28, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:

In all kindness and brotherly love, I would, as a member of the St. Louis Conference, and as a Harmonialist, suggest to brother McD. that in his reply to our brothers of Mountain Cove, published in your paper of Oct. 22d, he has committed an error so gross, that if suffered to go uncorrected, the consequences may prove mischievous. In the first place, brother McD. has assumed too much; for it is absurd for one who can not sufficiently assimilate with the Harmonialists of St. Louis, to meet with them—one who evidently does not now understand our degree of progression—to speak for us. We have not a sectarian faith to defend that we should "throw back the gauntlet" to our brothers of Mountain Cove; and oh! let us recollect that in our present undeveloped condition there is a possibility that we may be not wholly right; and that by the same rule, our brothers of Mountain Cove may not be wholly wrong. Let none suppose that in this first dawning of light, he has received the whole truth, unobscured by error. So far as I understand the philosophy now being taught by Spirits here, it appears to my mind, and I am impressed to assert, that the immediate effect is to harmonize; and if in the endless variety of human mind that which appears truth to one, should appear absurdity to another, let there be no sarcastic abuse between them, for this surely leads to confusion, and to a darkening of the truth which minds unprejudiced might otherwise receive. Nay, brother, sarcasm and retaliation are not the fruits of the Harmonial Philosophy. Nor with these weapons will we be enabled to convince a mind of error.

It is untrue that the effect of brother Harris' lectures here is not lasting; for all truth uttered by Spirits through him is eternal, and the effect on such minds as received it will endure throughout the countless ages of eternity. And if brother Harris, in his eagerness to spread that which appears to him truth, has forgotten, or does not understand the lessons so eloquently uttered by him in St. Louis last spring—if he has stooped to censureus as a sect, and if he has so far misapprehended the lessons which we are continually receiving from Spirits through our own media, let us convince him of his errors by manifesting to him and the world the fruits of love to God and man. This, this is surely the blessed result of the eternal truths now being taught; and let all fervently desire that those of us who have drawn wrong conclusions from the light we may have received (and all are liable to this), may be enlightened, and that those of us who are right, may obtain sufficient wisdom to disseminate the truth for the enlightenment of our brothers in error.

Z.

PORTRAITS.—We can supply impressions from all the steel plates engraved for the SHEKINAH, to those who may desire to frame them. The series comprehends the following: The Transfigured Christ; Emanuel Swedenborg; Pythagoras; Benjamin Franklin; Judge Edmonds; Andrew Jackson Davis; Rev. James Richardson, Jr.; S. B. Brittan; Jacob Behmen; Joan of Arc; Semantha Mettler; William E. Channing; Horace Greeley; E. H. Chapin. Price 25 cents single copies; $1 75 per dozen; $10 for one hundred impressions of all or any of those above named.

THE BLIND PREACHER.—We have undertaken to advertise the blind man's soap, as will be perceived by referring to our last page, at our expense, and we will also take the trouble to supply any orders for the article which may be sent to us accompanied with the cash. We have no interest in the matter beyond a desire to aid a worthy but unfortunate fellow being. Who will make the old man's heart glad on the approaching new year?

☞ We desire to call attention to the card of Mr. Winchester Britton, which will be found on our last page. If any of our friends at a distance have legal business to transact in this city or vicinity they will, we doubt not, find Mr. Britton a prompt and efficient agent.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

CONFERENCE OF DEC. 1.—The Spiritual Conference at this office, on Thursday evening, Dec. 1, was attended by the usual number of persons, among whom were several strangers from abroad. S. B. Brittan opened the meeting with some remarks explanatory of its objects, and was followed by Wm. Fishbough, who spoke upon a question introduced at the last Conference, concerning tangible forms assumed by Spirits. He mentioned a number of facts tending to affirm the proposition, and unfolded his views of the *rationale* of them, in an explanation of the nature and constitution of a Spirit, and its relations to the material substances of the outer world. A stranger present, who seemed to deny the natural immortality of the soul, presented some interrogations and arguments upon the point, and was answered at length by Messrs. Brittan and Fishbough, who, in the course of the discussion, related some interesting facts as illustrating the doctrine of immortality in its various aspects, and also intimating the mode of the Spirit's existence. Dr. Young, of this city, and Judge Whippo, of Pennsylvania, also took part in the discussion; and the latter related some of his experiences with the Spirits, and repeated an interesting communication which he had received concerning the being of a God. The best feelings characterized the proceedings throughout, and the audience seemed highly interested and edified.

THE JOKER JOKED.—Without countenancing the levity and trifling disposition with which some persons approach those phenomena of the day which we believe to be Spiritual, and hence deserving to be treated always with seriousness, we may relate the following for the cogent proof it presents of a Spiritual presence, though perhaps not one of an absolutely angelic kind. A few evenings since, at a circle at Mrs. Brown's, in Twenty-sixth Street, a skeptic who sat some distance from the medium, covered a slip of paper by his hand, so that it could not be seen by any one but himself, and silently wrote upon it to the Spirit whom the raps had announced to be present with him, the question, "Are you in h—ll?" While the gentleman was laughing at his own smartness, a signal for the alphabet was heard, and the raps spelled out, "OH, NO, NOT QUITE SO BAD AS THAT; I HAVE NOT SMELLED BRIMSTONE YET." The company insisted that the gentleman should show the question he had written, which he accordingly did, and for the rest of the evening treated the subject with all due seriousness.

STRONG INCIDENTAL PROOF.—Mr. Robt. Briggs, of South Adams, Mass., at a recent Conference at this office, stated, among other remarkable facts of his experience with the Spirits, that being once in the presence of Miss Sarah Mason, a speaking medium, he *silently thought* of his mother in the Spirit-world, and wished for a communication from her. Now his mother, while in this world, was a Quakeress, of which fact the medium was totally ignorant, having never even heard of his mother, who had passed into the Spirit-world long before she (the medium) was born. However, the medium, without a word being spoken by Mr. Briggs, was presently influenced to take him by the hand, when she spoke as from the Spirit of his mother, and in the Quaker lingo, these works; "Robert, I am always with *thee*, to guide *thee* in the ways of peace."

A SPIRIT VISITATION BEFORE DEATH.—Mrs. W., of this city, a lady of our familiar acquaintance, and whose veracity is unimpeached, informs us that she had a brother who some years ago died with quick consumption. On the day previous to his death, and when his friends thought him in no immediate danger, he told them, while lying on his bed, that his mother (then in the Spirit-world) had just been to see him; that she had come in through the window near his bed, and, after conversing with him for some time, had passed out the same way, and that she had told him she was coming for him, and would take him with her, at precisely twenty minutes past four o'clock on the afternoon of the next day. His friends tried to persuade him to dismiss such a thought, and told him that he would probably be up again within a few days; but he insisted that the vision was real, and proceeded to give directions as to the manner in which his clothing and other possessions should be disposed of. His body, accordingly, ceased to breathe the next day, at precisely twenty minutes past four o'clock, as was predicted!

WRITING BY A SPIRIT-HAND.—At a recent circle of skeptics, at Mrs. Brown's, a *blank* slip of paper and a pencil were, at the suggestion of the Spirits, placed under the table, while the feet of the medium were pressed firmly to the floor by the feet of another person placed upon the top of them, and the hands of the whole party were exposed to view upon the top of the table. After sitting that way for a few minutes, they were directed to look under the table, when they found the name "FANNY" written on the slip of paper in pencil marks. Fanny was the name which a near relative of one of the persons present bore before passing into the Spirit-world.

A CURIOUS APPARITION.—Dr. O., a literary friend of ours, and a medium, informs us that a few evenings since, while sitting in his room, busily engaged in writing, a female figure, of a dark, Indian-like complexion, but dressed in queenly attire, with a crown on her head, descended in a chariot at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and alighted upon the floor of his room. As soon as she reached the floor she got out of the chariot, and advanced toward him. There was something meretricious in the appearance of the jade, however, which excited the suspicions of our friend, and, mentally calling to his presence other Spiritual powers, he continued writing, and paid no attention to her. Observing his "offishness," his queenly visitant returned to her ethereal car, and ascended in the same inclined direction in which she had descended.

BIRDS IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.—Swedenborg tell us that he once heard two presidents of the English Royal Society, Sir Hans Sloane and Martin Folkes, conversing together in the Spiritual world concerning seeds and eggs upon earth—the former ascribing their production to the forces of material nature, and the other to a divine power. "In order to determine the dispute, a beautiful bird was exhibited to Sir Hans Sloane, and he was told to examine whether in the least thing it differed from a similar bird on earth. He held it in his hand, examined it, and said there was no difference. He knew that it was no other than an affection of a certain angel, represented without him as a bird, and that it would vanish or cease with its affection, which also came to pass. Sir Hans Sloane was convinced by this experiment that nature does not contribute at all to the production of vegetables and animals, but only that which flows from the Spiritual world into the natural; he also said that if the bird were to be filled, in its least parts, with corresponding matter from the earth, and so fixed, it would be a durable bird, as birds are on earth."—D. L. & W. 344

SPIRITUAL PROTECTION AGAINST POISONS, FIRE, ETC.—At the Spiritual Conference at Dodworth's Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 29th ult., it was stated by a Mr. Whittaker, of Troy, who is knowing to the fact, that a medium residing in that city being at one time indisposed, was ordered by the Spirits to take at a single dose *one hundred grains of arsenic* in a menstruum of lemon juice and spirits of niter; and that he took the prescription according to direction, and so far from experiencing any inconvenience, was greatly benefited by it. A skeptical gentleman afterward arose and argued that it was impossible for that story to be true, as the supposition that a person could take that quantity of poison into his stomach and not be injured, was "directly contrary to the laws of nature." It would be well for those who judge of nature's laws by superficial views of her ordinary phenomena, to know that, under the professed influence of Spiritual powers, many instances of safety under exposures to deleterious substances, such as would be commonly fatal, have occurred both in past and present times. The action of *fire* was completely neutralized by Spiritual power in the case of three Hebrews whom Nebuchadnezzar caused to be cast into the burning fiery furnace. It was a privilege of the Spiritually influenced disciples of Jesus, to "take up serpents and drink any deadly thing" without harm; and St. Paul exhibited a practical test of the efficacy of this Spiritual endowment when a *viper* fastened upon his hand at the Island of Malta. In the fourth century, St. Martin, bishop of Tours (who was a Spiritual medium), accidentally ate a large quantity of *hellebore*, but by prayer and Spiritual exercises was preserved from all bad effects. In the eleventh century, the mother of King Edward the Confessor, on being accused of a certain crime, was subjected to the ordeal of walking barefooted over nine red-hot plowshares, which (being under the influence of previous devout exercises), she not only did without injury, but without feeling any sensations from the heat. Some weeks ago we published an account of a medium in this city who thrust his hand into a burning stove, and held his finger for several seconds in the flame of a lamp, without, in either case, the slightest disorganization of the skin. A correspondent, whose letter is given in another column, furnishes an account of a skeptical physician recently administering to a young girl, who is a medium, as much chloroform as would be sufficient for four men, without producing the slightest effect. The fact is, that the powers of the Spiritual world are as absolutely controlling to the forces of material nature, as the human soul is superior and controlling to the body.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Reported Phonographically by T. J. Ellinwood.

On Tuesday evening, November 29th, the Conference met, as usual, at Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway.

Dr. HALLOCK opened the meeting by giving it as his opinion that it is necessary for each one to utter whatever he feels impressed to say, in order to give life and vigor to meetings of this kind; and that the greater the amount of testimony to the one great truth, which it is the object of the Conference to consider, the greater would be the impression made on the mind of the candid inquirer. He thought that if all the facts related were to be presented by three or four individuals, they would not impress the mind as the same or similar facts would do if presented by strangers, or those whose voices are not so frequently heard in this hall. If any one had any facts to relate, he should not hesitate on account of not being able to express his ideas in the most finished and forcible language.

The speaker had a fact which he wished to relate, but he felt diffident about doing so, because he could not prove it. It occurred to himself alone. It was a fact going to substantiate a statement which he had previously made, namely, that he had had as much, and the same kind, of evidence that persons exist OUT of the form as that they exist IN the form. The circumstance occurred in a church on Broadway, one beautiful morning last summer. The quiet spirit which reigned throughout all nature had an influence calculated to attune the mind to harmony with itself. The sermon on that occasion was one the comprehension of which did not require much mental effort. The subject of his vision was one on which his mind had not been directly dwelling. When the clergyman was lifting up his eyes to Heaven, the speaker thought, "What can be his idea of the Spiritual world and the communion of Spirits, which he is thus invoking?" He mentally answered the question by supposing that his own ideas would differ widely from those of the clergyman. On changing his position, he saw, to his surprise, a group of human forms which did not belong to the visible congregation, passing along one of the aisles. When he first observed the group, it was composed of many individuals; but as they passed along the number diminished to three. Two of the remaining three he instantly recognized—he knew one to be his mother, and the other to be his wife. The third one, who stood between them, he scrutinized closely, but could not satisfy himself that it was any one that he had ever seen before, and he wondered what the object of her visit could be. One of them vanished; and the stranger turned her face toward him. He was not at all excited. That his mother should be there was not a matter of surprise; but the presence of that stranger was, to him, a matter of surprise and curiosity. After he had scanned the features of the stranger long enough to satisfy himself that she was an entire stranger, she passed from his vision, and his mother remained for some time afterward; and finally she, too, disappeared, and in the place where she had been seated there was left a luminous appearance.

After this circumstance, his mind was constantly dwelling on that stranger—he wondered why she was there, until he attended a circle at Mrs. Brown's, when he asked whether there was any one present that could tell him who the individual that he saw on a certain occasion was; whereupon he received an affirmative answer. He asked if the Spirit would point out the degree of relation existing between him and this strange Spirit. The Spirit indicated that it would; and to his surprise the word SISTER was written. He supposed it must be a mistake. He knew he had a sister in the Spirit-world, but HER countenance was familiar to him. He knew that she was not the one. He asked for the name, and supposed that the answer would be Ann; but instead of that, Elizabeth, the name of his mother, was communicated. The speaker said this person was indeed his sister, but declared that no person was more ignorant of the fact than he was at that time. The fact that he did not know that he had such a sister was conclusive evidence that his mind had nothing to do with the communication. He afterward inquired of a sister of his living in Poughkeepsie, who had in her possession the record of his father's family. He ascertained that in the year 1825, when his parents resided in Poughkeepsie—he was a small boy and lived in New York at the time—his mother gave birth to a little daughter, who received the name of Elizabeth. The child lived but three months, and he never saw her. He did not think it strange that a boy, surrounded, as he was, by new scenes and pleasures, should forget such a circumstance. He also thought that the audience were bound to judge of the facts in the case as they would judge of any other statement. This vision could not be a psychological impression upon his mind, because he was not a psychological subject; and in case it had been, it would have been necessary for the operator to be familiar with the personal appearance of his wife, mother, and sister, and for the medium in whose presence the communication was received, to be acquainted with the name of the sister, neither of which were likely.

The speaker proceeded to say that it seemed to him that the great idea of the dispensation of Moses was to assert the unity of God. You have only to turn to that record to see that all the rewards and penalties of the law were of a physical nature, and in harmony with the plane on which the people of that age existed.

The speaker closed by illustrating the idea that the past and present are inseparably connected.

Mr. WHITTAKER, of Troy, related a number of facts that he presumed would interest those present, for the reason that they occurred at a distance and had never been published. He would endeavor to make no statements but those that he deemed susceptible of the best possible proof. About a year ago last March, in the village of Waterford, at one of the sittings of a circle composed of three or four individuals, it was announced that in less than one year there would not be a medium in Waterford. There were not less than three or four mediums there at that time. The circle took note of the prophecy, and agreed that they would keep it to themselves until the expiration of the year, and see whether or not it would be fulfilled. About twelve days before the end of the year there was not a medium in Waterford, as was predicted. A remarkable speaking and healing medium, of that place, had his mediumship taken from him; but before it was taken from him, it was promised that it would be again restored to him on a higher plane. Up to within two or three weeks he has been destitute of any faculty as a medium; but now he is a more extraordinary medium than he ever was before. He can recognize Spirits in his normal state; and he says he meets them in the streets, talks with them, and shakes hands with them, and sometimes is obliged to look sharply to determine whether they are Spirits or men. He testifies to this, and he is a man whose character is unimpeachable.

Another medium would take a sheet of paper and a pencil, and begin making, with great rapidity, dots all over the paper, without any order. By-and-by the looker-on would perceive letters formed by these dots, some perfected and some partially perfected, and when ALL were completed, he could commence at the top and read sensible communications on Spiritual matters.

The speaker stated that, a few evenings previous, a lady with her chair was lifted so high as to enable her to reach the ceiling, which was about fourteen feet from the floor. At the same sitting another medium was seated upon a table, in her chair, by some invisible power. He had heard the lady who was raised to the ceiling talk in foreign languages, and on one occasion he heard a gentleman respond to her in French. He knew that the lady did not understand any language except her own. He had seen tables move when there was no one within two feet of them; and on one occasion a table, with two large, heavy lamps upon it, was tipped about in various directions, sometimes striking violently against the wall; and it was tipped so nearly over that the articles in the table-drawer rolled back, and during this moving of the table the lamps did not move in the least.

The speaker said there was a healing medium in his vicinity who writes out prescriptions when he is in a conscious state, but has no power over his hand. He is not allowed to look at his writing; but while writing is obliged to look the other way. In writing these prescriptions he uses the phraseology common to the medical faculty, which he is unable to understand. He sometimes writes out prescriptions for himself. In one instance he was directed to take the following: "One hundred grains of arsenic, mixed with fifty drops of the oil of lemon, and one hundred drops of sweet spirits of niter, and to take them all at once." The druggist who prepared the medicine told him that, if he took it, he would be a dead man before night. He had full faith in his prescriptions, and said he should do it; and he did take the mixture as he was directed. He took it in the morning, and told the speaker, who called upon him in the evening of the same day, that he had not had so comfortable a day in a fortnight. The result was that he was cured of his difficulty. The same man frequently writes with both hands, and on different subjects; sometimes writing one language with one hand, and another language with the other.

The speaker thought that the numerous facts that are constantly occurring ought to be sufficient to satisfy any rational mind that these phenomena are produced by some power outside of that which pertains to the flesh. He maintained that there is nothing unnatural about them; and considered the great error which darkens the minds of a majority that disbelieve, to be that they have the idea that there is something SUPERNATURAL about the manifestations. They must be natural, because they are of God.

A STRANGER stated, that for the last three or four months he had been investigating the subject under consideration, and he was sorry that he could not realize, as yet, the truth of the so-called Spiritual Manifestations. He would indeed feel happy to believe it; for it is a pleasant belief. Many of the principles it is said to unfold agreed with his preconceived views of religion and moral philosophy. He had come to the conclusion that the phenomena are based on delusion. He related a circumstance, in which he called on a medium, having previously prepared himself with a list of fictitious names by which to test the Spirits, on which occasion he received no satisfaction. The names were responded to by raps, which he thought evidently originated in the basement. After questioning a Spirit a short time, it left unceremoniously, and he could get no communications from it afterward. He visited the same medium the second time, but received no more satisfaction than he did at his first visit. He called in question the motives of the medium, and said he could call the manifestations nothing more than a humbug. At his last visit the Spirits stated that their physiological organization was the same that it was when they were in the flesh, and also stated that they were without sensation and passion, and that they existed without food. He considered the two statements to be contradictory. He thought these things could easily be accounted for, because he had witnessed things as wonderful as these performed by Prof. Anderson and others. He said the physical manifestations had been proved to be nothing more than the results of galvanism.

[At this point some desultory remarks were made by different individuals, during which the stranger was charged with treating the subject unfairly, and the discussion assumed a disorderly character, for which reason we omit in our report the remarks of one or two speakers.]

Dr. GRAY said he had sought the stand because he was intensely pained by the manner in which his skeptical friend had been treated. He said that if there was any one lesson taught from the interior, it was the lesson of absolute forbearance with those who differ from us in opinion. Said he, "Search what is in your brother's heart—put your heart to his, and remember that he is your brother, traveling with you that eternal race for eternal life and happiness." He believed that the stranger was perfectly sincere in all that he had said, and he was astonished to hear a man who claimed to be a SPIRITUALIST accuse him of entering into the investigation of the manifestations with a falsehood in his heart. [Reference is here made to some remarks not reported.]

The speaker had paid the deepest attention to the subject of Spiritualism for the last three or four years, and had come out a thorough Spiritualist—a firm believer in the immortality of the soul—in the unbroken existence of the whole human family, and in the constant presence of Spirits with us, and with the lowest and most erring of our race. He expressed his entire willingness to answer any questions which the stranger might see fit to ask him on the subject before the meeting, according to the best of his ability; and to aid him, as far as possible, in his investigations.

The STRANGER thanked Mr. Gray for manifesting so much kind feeling toward him, and said that the Dr.'s conduct spoke well for the cause which he advocated. He did not come prepared to interrogate any one, but asked two or three questions, which Mr. Gray answered.

After a few further remarks by Dr. Gray, the Conference adjourned.

IS IT MIND ACTING ON MIND?

MR. EDITOR:

Having lately noticed in your paper several incidents intended to disprove the proposed solution of the Spiritual phenomena which attributes it to the action of mind upon mind, I have thought that two incidents which have come under my notice might prove interesting to your readers, especially as they are very striking, and in my own mind totally annihilate such a theory.

In the first place, let me state that I am, in this matter, what might be called *a conservative*. I can not conscientiously indorse every view which has claimed the phenomena as Spiritual. My experience in a strictly private circle of (as I believe) candid and investigating minds has been considerable, and I have made it a rule to depend entirely upon *our own circle* for my conviction in respect to this singular phenomenon. I believe it to be referable to Spiritual agency, but many of my *material* notions will very often intrude. I am perfectly satisfied to advance according to the law of progression, having been promised that all necessary evidence would be given me.

One evening while in the circle, a young lady from Wilmington, Deleware, who was on a visit to a friend at whose house the circle met, was anxious to see the "table tip." She was admitted, and shortly after she sat down, the hand of the medium was influenced (the medium had been writing to others in the circle previous to her admission) to write,

"There is one [who] wishes to speak to your friend you call M——.

In answer to a question, the Spirit signified that it would not write the name, but tip it out by the table. The alphabet was repeated, and a name was tipped out; but the lady to whom the Spirit wished to communicate stated that she did not know of any such person. After long thinking she made the remark that there must be some mistake, as she never knew any person of that name. We requested the Spirit to impress her who it was. After studying again for a considerable time, she stated that she recollected passing several days ago through the graveyard, and *noticing the name on a tombstone*, and that while on earth he (the Spirit) lived on the property adjoining her father's. She received a *written* communication afterward, stating that this Spirit had influenced her to look at his name on the tombstone, and impressed her with his form while he was in the flesh. She admitted that her mind was on a deceased brother at the time (he afterward wrote a communication through the medium and signed his name), and that she had not for once thought of the Spirit who had manifested himself. Now this, to my mind, proved conclusively that my former theory, of "mind acting upon mind," was fallacious.

The other case was in the circle some time after, when we began to get dispirited in consequence of nothing occurring. The medium's eyes were tightly closed, but he was not able to get into the sleep. The medium began to describe the sensation of traveling through the air, as it were, very swiftly, and soon afterward described a house, street, property in the neighborhood, entrance to the house, rooms, furniture, persons inside—though he was not able to understand their language—garden and lawn attached to the house, a meadow in the neighborhood, and brook—a gentleman sitting by the brook reading, with a pet lamb at his side—returning to the house again with this gentleman, he writing a letter, and indorsing the letter with the name of a gentleman then in the circle—leaving the house with this gentleman, following him to another house in another street, his giving the letter to a boy, and then his sensations of traveling as before experienced, and then he opened his eyes. All this occurred while the medium had a full knowledge of being in the circle in Philadelphia, and of the circle asking questions. Every thing was described most minutely. It was a matter of wonder among us, for whom and what this was intended, feeling impressed that there was some meaning in it. At first the circle paid little attention to the description, thinking it was probably some mental or optical delusion; in fact, one went partially into a natural sleep, when another of the circle very kindly, as it afterward proved, awoke him.

Now for the conclusion, and the solution: It was a description of the house of the cousin of the member of the circle who went partially to sleep, situated in Germany, at whose house his mother had lived. She had made a division of her property among her children, and this cousin (the one whom the medium stated wrote the letter) had sent power of attorney to collect and transmit his share. This gentleman had left his native town some fifteen years ago, and of course the appearance had changed considerably. The entire description respecting the houses, streets, furniture, etc., was fully corroborated by a brother-in-law and sister who arrived here about a year ago. Now, psuedo-philosopher, tell me where the "mind acted upon mind" in this case. The medium did not know any of these things, and his birth, age, and circumstances in life precluded all possibility of knowing them. The gentleman for whom the description was specially intended was at a loss to conjecture what it meant, until he asked his brother-in-law and sister if they knew of such a place, and every thing was correctly and most minutely described.

Now here are two instances proving conclusively the error of the theory of mind acting upon mind. The clairvoyant was in the waking state. The truth is, we are willing and strive hard to convince ourselves of some theory or principle which is more absurd and ridiculous than the belief in *bona fide* Spirit-agency would be. I have actually seen persons, before swallowing the gnat, make the greatest efforts upon the camel first, knowing the utter impossibility of digesting the camel if *they should* get it down.

Fraternally, yours, AN INVESTIGATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 4, 1853.

AN exchange paper says there are now surviving about fourteen hundred revolutionary pensioners, all of whom are regularly drawing their pay from the Treasury of the United States.

Original Communications.

A STORY FOR CRITICS.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

I heard a critic Fly
Discourse, and wisely criticise the sky;
Because, of course, it was not to *his* liking.
He flew along and found some ants a-fighting,
And, sapient, to the ants spoke words like this:
"If you and I
Had had a voice in making up that sky,
Instead of building up a great abyss,
Where heavens are piled on heavens,
And all things numbered in a scale of sevens,
And all our ant-hills quite
Forgotten in the maze of stellar light,
And even lofty man
Inferior made to Him who formed the plan,
We would have builded on a different scale,
Or, seeing the wonder, told another tale.
Surely God built yon ever-rolling skies
To serve the purposes of ants and flies,
And whatsoever ants and flies deny,
Hath no existence in the earth and sky."

An Eagle and a Lion passed that way,
And, seeing them, the Fly went on to say:
"Yon Eagle is a well-developed fly;
And ants compose that Lion's ancestry;
Angels themselves are flies of larger stature;
And God an ant, of infinite high nature,
Who shapes the ant-hill of the heavens where dwell
The full-fledged antlings who have left the shell."

"Men say Truth lies in books. This I disprove.
Truth never rests. No book did ever move
(Except when carried). Thus the human fable
Of truth in books is laid upon the table;
Nay, tell no fly that truth dwells in a page
That flies and ants in their superior rage
Can bite and scratch, and quite efface the letters,
Ant-reason spurns such superstitious fetters."

I passed that way
Upon another day,
But ant and fly were gone,
And the supernal heaven still shining on.

The critic race of men,
Who think, with ink-drops shed from out a pen,
To blot out Truth, run their ephemeral race,
And pass like ants and flies from the creation's face.

LINES TO — — —.

"I am a withered and seared leaf."

Oh, believe not that age has dried up the fountain,
That erst poured such plentiful draughts on the crowd;
Though silent, rich streams still flow down from the mountain,
Where dwelleth the blest unobscured by a cloud.

Oh, deem not, though often thy pinions are weary,
And the hum of the multitude paineth thine ear,
Though things that once gladdened now oftimes are dreary,
That unto tried hearts *thou* canst aye be less dear.

For myself a calm joy, though voiceless, I cherish,
While gazing upon thee, and clasping thy hand;
Thou hast garnered bright visions that never can perish,
I hail thee as one of that blest Spirit-band.

Thou art silent till beings congenial awake
The magical echoes that sleep in thy soul,
Then, unbidden, thou turn'st to the calm-flowing lake,
And *two* currents commingle as onward they roll.

And the dry earth is moistened, grows greener, and long
Rememb'reth the baptismal dew of that hour,
For memory recalls it as some cherished song,
The perfume most rare of an unfading flower.

Then say not the leaf is all withered and sear!
At the touch *such* would crumble and fall to the earth;
But *this* I can bind round my heart with a tear,
And feel it is ripe for that holier birth.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. E. N. G.

CHARACTER OF AN UNKNOWN PERSON.

Some weeks since we received from an anonymous correspondent, three small slips of manuscript, which were said to have been executed by the same individual at different periods of life, coupled with the request that they might be submitted to Mrs. Mettler, of Hartford, for her impressions. Our correspondent represented that the author of the manuscript was generally known and distinguished, and that if the result should be successful we should hear from him again. Therefore, we inclosed the several portions of the manuscript in a new envelope, sealed it with the utmost care, and without superscribing it, forwarded the same to Mrs. Mettler. The result is given below, and the envelope containing the manuscript was returned, seal unbroken, and is now in our possession.

From the incongruities that appear to enter into the character which forms the subject of Mrs. Mettler's investigations, it would seem that he was *in very different moods* while executing the several specimens of his manuscript.—ED.

This letter causes a sharp *neuralgic* pain over my left eye, and gives me a very confused feeling. My brain feels as though it was constantly coming in contact with some *opposing* spirit or power. I have a feeling of uneasiness and nervousness; then I feel firm, as though I could face the whole world; then, again, a feeling of calmness and gentleness comes over me; I never felt such an influence before; the intellectual faculties seem to be much exercised, as if they predominated over all others; then the spiritual seems to overpower the merely intellectual, bringing all other faculties and qualities into subjection to itself; I never felt such a mixed character. Now I have an universal feeling of love; now ideality seems to be excited to unusual activity. There is much originality of character and intuitive wisdom, as well as acquired knowledge. The character is constantly and strangely mixed—confused; self-reliance and independence appear to be prominent; then there's a feeling of dependence upon others; I feel sympathetic; then the feeling seems changed; there must be conflicting feelings and ideas in this mind; strong powers of argument and self-defense; then a feeling as if I were withholding my opinions, and if I expressed them at all, it must be in a quiet manner; now I feel dejected; now I am sustained by a feeling of hope. The influence is strangely mixed.

This letter gives me a social feeling; then a disposition to retire, and be exclusive; I feel masculine and bold; then suddenly I feel the opposite of this. At one moment I am very nervous, as though the physical was not sufficiently strong for the mental; then I feel strong enough to face the world mentally and physically; it gives me a strong desire to investigate new things in science, art, and philosophy; then I feel inclined to oppose every thing with an iron will.

I feel the inspiration of poetical sentiments, and a power of oratory; then I desire to be reserved; now a strong domestic feeling comes over me, and a love for home and its possessions; again I would prefer roving and viewing the world; now it inspires a love for children and pets; then a feeling of indifference; it gives me a strong love for woman; again the feeling subsides; music seems to charm, and would tend to harmonize this character; it is very difficult indeed to tell which of the faculties predominate, there is a constant diversity displayed. Altogether, it gives me a strange feeling, with conflicting thoughts and ideas. The sphere is both agreeable and disagreeable.

FROM THE BIRD MEDIUM.

The following communication will be read with pleasure, even by many who may fear that the poetical pensiveness of our amiable correspondent may, in some cases, have unconsciously led him *slightly* into the realms of the fanciful. That *birds* may be made to serve as mediums of communication between men in the flesh and the inhabitants of the Spirit-world is certainly a beautiful thought, and its probability might be established by the citation of numerous cases more or less resembling the one mentioned by our friend. The *prophecy* understood to be uttered by the Spirit-bird will at least be interesting as a matter of curiosity; but the only possible proof of this and like predictions must, of course, consist in their fulfillment. Our friend claims to have been in communication with the Spirit-world, through the medium of this gentle bird, ever since the year 1842.

HALCYONDALE, GA., *Nov.* 6, 1853.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Since my last communication to your valuable paper, I have traveled extensively in this my native State. I have had the largest opportunities to ascertain the religious dispositions of the people, and I am happy to inform our brethren who read your paper that the creed of our holy, Spiritual, and national Church is spreading far and wide. * * * * *

The question is, not whether tables may or may not move or be moved by Spiritual agencies, but the question is, whether there is a communication between heaven and earth? That there is such a communication kept up by numerous agencies there can be no doubt. I return my gratitude to God for his revelation to me of those agencies. He has been pleased to reveal to me the beauties and the joys of heaven; and in my lonely rambles his messengers have communicated to me the intelligence of the presence of departed friends. For years (that is, since 1842) a bird has acted as a medium of communication between myself and absent or deceased friends. I have asked it questions, and it replies by notes that I fully comprehend—its language is plain to me. I asked it if a long-absent friend was dead or living, and that bird flew quickly up from the ground, high above the trees; and once he flew to direct me to a dear friend. And when that friend doubted the Spiritual things whereof I spoke, I said, "You shall be convinced;" and then I said, "you shall hear a communication from my bird;" and thereupon my bird flew from the tree into my house, and, after warbling most sweetly, flew away.

And this day I have visited a lonely place, where there is a small lake among the hills, and no one goes that way. And I looked up into the blue skies, and prayed that God would communicate to me the future destiny of America; and my attendant bird perched upon a laurel bush. And I asked, "Is there a Spirit from God present?" And a voice answered, "Yes, I am here." "Who are you?" I asked. "I am," said the Spirit, "Washington." Then I asked, "Can you tell me the destiny of America?"

"God, our common Father," answered the Spirit, "speaks thus: 'Within two-score years from this day there shall be darkness in our land, and two wars; within five-score years light shall drive out the darkness. And there shall be a grand rebellion in our land; and after that rebellion a wise and mighty man will rule America, and all the people will love him, and he will be feared by the nations of the Old World, and Americans will be one people for a thousand years. And there will be many wars on the ocean, and many ships, and our people will wage wars in Europe, and in Asia, and in Africa.'"

The voice ceased. And then I said:

"Suppose I tell the people this, and they will not believe this revelation?"

"Then," answered the Spirit, "do thou prove it to them."

"How?" I asked.

"Bring witnesses to this spot, and they shall be convinced."

Then I returned thanks to the God of so much kindness, and returned to my house.

These were the secrets of the future which the Most High revealed to me through the medium of Washington. I was perfectly awake, and in perfect health, mental and physical. I shall revisit that sacred place, accompanied by credible witnesses, and they shall be doubters no more.

Mrs. Best, who lay three days and nights under her capsized buggy, is ready at all times, and to all persons, to testify to the Spiritual visitations made to her during that painful trial. And Mr. D. Roberts will testify in regard to the incident of the bird mentioned in this letter. I was educated and trained as a doubting and inquisitive lawyer, and I am not easily deceived by unreal things; but, with the evidences of this Spiritual religion so strong before me, I can not doubt.

Yours, etc., CUYLER W. YOUNG.

A FRAGMENT.

BY ANNETTE.

Again am I sheltered in thy bosom, dear native vale—hid away and guarded from the noise and commotion of the outer world. Never before have the harmonizing influences of nature so sensibly approached unto my soul. This stillness of the air—the solemn tranquillity of the mountains have a voice audible to my spiritual senses. My thoughts echoing them whisper "Peace," and peace cometh; the wild unrest, the vexed and troubled past are forgotten. Surely here I may raise my thoughts into more intimate communion with the invisible world. May I not believe that as I wander upon the lonely hills, under the subduing sunset light, angels, white-winged, alight beside me, and reading my mind as the pages of a book, breathe their own pure thoughts into my soul and watch for the answers that may follow? I speak to them, and say, "Behold, how fair is our world! The broad light fadeth in purple glory athwart the giant mountains. In the golden-glowing chambers of the west the sun draws about him the far-floating curtains of flushed and somber clouds. And this is but one of our earth's innumerable shows; ever varying, ever various are they; canst thou tell me of aught more beautiful?" And down in the depths of my soul comes the answer, as it were a thought of my own spontaneously springing. "Aye, more beautiful than aught that waking or dreaming visions have ever unfolded to thee is the home of the angels."

Again, I ask, "Is there a plain—a bower of rest for me in that beautiful home?" And the thought comes, "Day after day, hour after hour thou drawest nigher unto it." "And are there," I fondly ask, "friends who will greet me as I throw aside the vail that hides them from my longing vision?" The answer comes, "By the fair paths of the sky shall they lead thee a bright immortal, treading like themselves the elastic air." And I listen to the glowing thought-words till I long to realize their prophecies. "Oh, take me with you now," I murmur; "can you not as with a thought unlock the earth-prison in which I linger?" The answer comes slowly and solemnly: "In loving and perfect wisdom the All-Father planned the earth-pilgrimage of his children. His will be done! Eternity lies before thee like an endless ocean, and thy earth-life is but as the belt of sand whereon thou standest with thy feet almost washed by the tide that cometh to float thee away.

Listen! the harmonies of thy world entrance thee, and thou lovest unto worship its many hues and varying shapes of beauty; but not yet are thy thoughts harmonized with the music of the spheres, the wondrous beauty of the Spirit-land, nor is thy earth-mission yet finished. The visible companions of thy daily life, have they no claims upon thee? Shall they who have loved and cared for thee mourn the loss of thy outward presence? Is there no duty which thou owest unto them—none that thou owest unto the circle of humanity around thee?" "Aye, good Spirits, I listen; mine was a selfish wish, and I recall it. Show me what must be done and I will attempt it, however toilsome." A voice answers, it seemeth my own thought: "Thou art a law unto thyself. Thou seest plainly what must be done to-day. To-day is thine. Work out its mission patiently. To-morrow's will be revealed to thee when it comes, and so with the next day, and the next. Thus shalt thou by fulfilling the duties of the present, gradually accomplish that which at one view seemeth difficult and unattainable."

I hear them no more at present, for my thoughts turn to the outer world with an earnest will to follow their wise and loving counsels.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. LAURA WEBB.

See science ride, throned on her radiant car,
Far as the utmost bound of distant star;
She knows its laws and counts its rapid flight,
And marks its course when here concealed from sight,
But ne'er has dared—though bold her flight—explore
One hidden sea; or on the eternal shore
To place her foot. But when, at utmost bound
Of sight, she turns, and slowly to the ground,
To all material objects fondly clings,
And humbly, sorrowing, folds her trembling wings;
Despairs to loose the portals of the dead,
And to the living give the secrets dread
Beyond the tomb, where a stern silence ever
Has thrown her mantle as a dark, deep river!

Who to the high empyrian shall aspire—
Catching a halo of celestial fire—
Proclaim to earth the light which heaven reveals,
And see the Spirits in their azure fields!
Who with a stride shall pass the bounds of earth,
And see the Spirits in immortal birth!

Boldly Buchanan springs upon the car;
Boldly his course pursues, on—on afar;
Observes the head, and like a guiding rein,
Catches the thread that forms the human brain.
Then on he soars beyond the milky way,
Far as the polar beams their antics play,
Where bright Auroras round his pathway glow,
And shed their cold and shimmering light below;
And farther still, he in the Spirit-land
Acquires new facts, and with a master's hand
Weighs, groups, compares, until celestial sight
The dark unfathomable glows with light.
On, on pursues, not as by sudden chance
Catching at trifles in a slow advance.
Of nature's laws he holds a powerful key,
And from the past sees what to come must be;
Beyond the comet's track he soars alone,
To the cerulean that surrounds the throne!

Here must thou stop! for ne'er to mortal eye
Shall be revealed that greatest mystery,
Without beginning or an end of years.
This as to-morrow, that as this appears;
One as a thousand, as a thousand one,
And yet Eternity is ne'er begun.

MORE NEW MUSIC.

Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, has just published the following:

1. **Bleak House Ballads**; Number one; Beginning the World; words by Fitz James O'Brien; Music by Thomas Baker; 25 cents.
2. **Ben Bolt's Grave**; song and chorus; sung by Buckley's Serenaders; composed by Henry C. Watson; 25 cents.
3. **Fly, fly away**; or, The Dream; written and composed by Frances Isabella King; beautifully illustrated with a colored lithograph; 50 cents.

THE "SPIRITUAL HUMBUG."

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I frequently read in the papers accounts of cases of insanity which are attributed to Spiritualism, under the head of "Spiritual Humbug;" and it would seem from the tenor of such articles, and the remarks of editors, that the general tendency of Spiritualism was to produce insanity, and that hardly any thing else would produce it. But I think if every species of excitement that leads to insanity is a humbug, then there are several other humbugs besides Spiritualism. I have known a man to rave at the top of his voice, from morning till night, after having attended a Second Advent camp meeting. Some years since there was a Methodist camp meeting in this town, at which were present two collegians of my acquaintance. They were persuaded to enter a praying circle, and professed to experience religion. They were very much excited, and one of them manifested symptoms of insanity on the spot; subsequently they both became insane—one being subject to occasional fits of derangement, and the other permanently and hopelessly insane, so that he was chained up in his room, and finally the house took fire and he perished in the flames! While I was employed as a teacher of youth, I had under my instruction a young man about eighteen years of age, who was a very close student, and was very amiable and intelligent. He attended meetings among the Congregationalists during a revival, and experienced religion. At first he appeared to be very happy, but subsequently, his thoughts being very much absorbed in the contemplation of doctrinal points, he became melancholy, left school, shut himself in his room, and finally became insane, and died at the Retreat in Hartford. Thousands of such cases have occurred before Spiritualism was ever heard of. Of all the faculties of the human mind, the religious faculties, or those which lead us to contemplate a future state of existence, are the most excitable, and most likely to lose their balm, unless controlled by the reasoning powers. In the investigation of any subject of religious belief, whether it be Methodism, Millerism, or Spiritualism, if we let *reason* guide us, we are safe. W. GRIFFIN.

WEST GRANBY, CONN., *Oct.* 27, 1853.

THOUGHTS.—Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior to our own.

Will is the root, knowledge the stem and leaves, and feeling the flower.

It is curious with what moral fortitude men can bear with the misfortunes of others.

The sun should shine on festivals, but the moon is the light for ruins,

Interesting Miscellany.

PHANTOMS.

The following exquisite poem, which appeared in a late number of *Putnam's Monthly*, without the author's name, should of course be credited to Longfellow. We dislike the title, because it conveys an idea of something too shadowy and unreal to comport with the sublime *realities* of the Spirit-world; and for reasons which enter into our philosophy, we might perhaps object, in two or three cases, to the forms of expression, were it not so beautiful, and withal so significant as an embodiment of the Spiritual idea.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside can not see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The Spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations, the perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of that unseen star—
That undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd,
Into the realm of mystery and night;

So from the world of Spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

LUCY STONE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A large audience assembled last night at the Mozart Hall for the purpose of hearing the lecture of Miss Lucy Stone. We confess that we were greatly delighted. The lecture was one of the ablest, clearest, most forcible, and beautiful productions we ever heard. And the style of delivery was quite equal to the matter. It was an appropriate setting to the rich gems of mind with which the fair orator delighted the assemblage before her. The lecture was a noble appeal in behalf of the right of every woman to develop every faculty she possesses, and to give her powers, under the law of benevolence, such scope and range as men are not only permitted, but encouraged to take. She earnestly pleaded that she who was to be a wife and mother should be prepared for the responsibilities of the sacred trust; that she should be educated; that the universe of mind should be open to her, to traverse it without let or hindrance from any quarter. But the speaker urged that she should thus be free in all the noblest pursuits of humanity, not merely because she could thus become a better wife and mother, but because she is a human being, and is entitled to any blessing that belongs to humanity. We are sure that we never heard any thing nor read any thing more impressive, more chaste, more noble and eloquent on these subjects, than the remarks of Miss Stone last night. She is perfectly at home in every department of her theme. She even succeeds in throwing beauty around invective. What, indeed, could be more beautiful than her denunciations of those wrongs of society that make of men and women mere fragments of men and women! Where was ever uttered any thing more chaste than the picture she drew of woman in a state of infamy?

Upon every portion of the theme of last night Miss Stone was triumphant. She successfully carried her immense audience with her to every position she sought, and they gave her numerous evidences of the high appreciation in which they held her. The correctness and beauty of her sentiments went home to every heart, we are sure, and we can conceive of no possible objection that any one could make to a single sentiment she uttered last night. And it is impossible to express too high an admiration of the beauty, propriety, and elegance of her diction. In that respect alone her lectures would remunerate any mind alive to beauty and improvement. She, who can thus command the highest intellection, the noblest impulses of the heart, the utmost refinements of sentiment, and the loftiest powers of language, may indeed feel that woman has powers for all the fields of intellect, that usage, not Providence, has consecrated to man. In the fullness of her power she may point triumphantly to the example of Deborah in the judgment-seat of Israel, and ask what small lawyers have to say to that for woman's sphere.

We are limited now to a narrow space of time for putting our paper to press, or we should say more. We never felt, in as great a degree, our incapacity to do justice to a lecture. The pleasure we felt in hearing it was so great that we wished that every one we love was present to mingle in this rich and rare feast of the mind. We do not know how Miss Lucy would do before a jury, in a matter of law, but we are confident the immense jury that felt the enchantments of her intellect last night would have given a verdict in her favor. Everybody seemed to be converted to that part of the question elucidated last night; and as we feel sure that the principles thus and then set forth would largely increase the happiness of the world, we earnestly hope that no one of the converts will be as brisk as the Irishman who said he joined the Methodist Church on a probation of six months, and behaved himself in such a way that he was let off "wid three months."

Miss Stone regretted last night that there were not wives and daughters in her immense audience; and she begged the gentlemen to report what she had said to their wives and daughters. But, alas! who shall undertake to say what she said, in such lofty and noble style that others would feel insignificant in the attempt. Our advice is that everybody who can shall go to Mozart Hall to-night and hear for themselves. Our fear is that Mozart Hall will not hold half her audience to-night. We are certain there are few, if there is one, who were present last night, who will feel disposed to be absent to-night; and when the local fame she made in her lecture here travels through the city, everybody will wish to hear this gifted woman. There is not a virtuous woman in the city who should not feel proud of Miss Stone.—*Louisville Journal.*

Cuvier and Satan.—It was said, no doubt correctly, that so extraordinary was the skill of Cuvier, that if he only saw the *tooth* of an animal, he could give not only the class and order of the animal in question, but the history of its habits. The following anecdote of a personage, whom most people would not think of submitting to such a scientific research, is, to use the Yankee vernacular, decidedly "*rich!*" In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for this month, an article called "Traits of the Trappists," and bearing the signature of "John Doran," concludes with a characteristic anecdote of Cuvier. He once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing toward him, and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added, "Horns! hoofs! *graminivorous!* Needn't be afraid of him!"

BISHOP BURGESS ON THE MAINE LAW.

The Rt. Rev. George Burgess, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Maine, was recently applied to by a friend residing out of the State for his testimony as to the effect of the Prohibitory Liquor Law. As there has been much cavil about the operation of the law, and statements made by eminent persons of Portland and elsewhere, that it has proved a failure, and caused more liquor drinking than it prevented, we think the frank response of the Bishop will be read by all friends of Temperance with interest. He replied as follows:

Gardiner, Me., *August* 22, 1853.

Reverend and Dear Sir:

To your queries I reply briefly, in their order.

Q.—1. "Did this prohibitory law originate in the schemes of politicians for other purposes, or did it stand in the Legislature upon its own merits."

A.—I have very little knowledge of the operations of politicians among us; and, undoubtedly, individual leaders or others, members of parties, may have been influenced by their political interests in sustaining or opposing this measure. But I suppose that, beyond all question, the law originated with persons who were solely concerned for the suppression of intemperance; and that it was passed only because it was believed to be demanded by a great majority of the people, for its own merits.

Q.—2. "Has it justified the expectations entertained of it by its friends at the time of its passage?"

A.—What were the actual expectations, I can not venture to say; but every reasonable expectation must have been more than satisfied. Whatever it is in the power of a prohibitory law to accomplish without extreme severity or inquisitorial scrutiny, this law has generally, in my opinion, accomplished. Those who are bent upon obtaining liquor can and do succeed; but it has ceased to be an article of traffic; it has ceased to present any open temptation; the young are comparatively safe, and all the evils of public drinking-shops and bars are removed, together with the interest of a large body of men in upholding them for their own pecuniary advantage.

Q.—3. "Have there been any reactions in public opinion, so as to induce the belief that at a future day it might be repealed?"

A.—In my opinion, quite the contrary. Should the law be repealed, which seems in the highest degree improbable, it will be the result merely of political arrangements; but I do not believe that any political party would venture on a measure so hazardous to its own prospects. Undoubtedly many discreet and conscientious persons saw strong objections to some features of the law, and still feel their force. But multitudes who doubted the expediency of adopting it, would, I believe, regret and resist its repeal.

Q.—4. "Has the law been generally executed, and the amount of intoxication been speedily diminished in the State in consequence?"

A.—The law has been, I believe, generally executed; though not everywhere with equal energy; and the amount of intoxication has been, in consequence, most evidently striking, and even I think I may say, wonderfully diminished.

Q.—5. "Has the health, wealth, morality, and general prosperity of the State been apparently promoted by it?"

A.—Unquestionably.

Q.—6. "Has the law been found in its operation to be oppressive to any citizens not guilty of its violation?"

A.—So far as I know, not in the least.

In thus answering your inquiries, I would avoid every thing like the intrusion of an opinion respecting the practicability or wisdom of such a measure elsewhere. I never appeared here as its public advocate; and I am not blind to such arguments as may be urged against legislation, which, though it is peculiarly humane in its operation upon *persons*, is so sweeping with reference to *things*. Nevertheless, I am most devoutly grateful for the practical working of the law, and believe that to every family in Maine it is of more value than can easily be computed.

I am, very faithfully, your friend and brother,

George Burgess.

Rev. C. W. Andrews, D.D.

WONDERFUL WORKS OF THE CREATOR.

The mariner who first crossed the central Atlantic in search of a new world was astonished when, on the 9th of September, 1495, he found himself in the midst of that great bank of sea-weed meadow of Oviedo, the Sargasso sea, which, with a varying breadth of 100 to 300 miles, stretches over twenty-five degrees of latitude, covering 260,000 square miles in surface, like a huge floating garden, in which countless myriads of minute animals find food and shelter. Now, it is the eddy of the numerous sea rivers which collect in one spot, and the cold water of the Northern Atlantic mixing with the warm streams of the western and southern currents, which produce the temperatures most fitted to promote this amazing development of vegetable and animal life. What becomes of the dead remains of this vast marine growth? Do they decompose as fast as they are produced? or do they accumulate into deposits of peculiar coal, destined to reward the researches of future geologists and engineers, when the Atlantic of our day has become the habitable land of an after-time? In the chart of the Pacific Ocean we are presented with another remarkable instance of the influence of sea-rivers on vegetation. From the shores of South Victoria, on the Antarctic continent, a stream of cold water, 90 degrees in width (the reader will recollect that in high latitudes the degrees of longitude are very narrow), drifts slowly along in a northeast and easterly direction across the Southern Pacific, till it impinges upon the South American coast to the south of Valparaiso. There it divides into two arms, one of which stretches southeast, doubles Cape Horn, and penetrates into the southwestern Atlantic; the other flows first northeast, and then northwest along the shores of Chili and Peru, carrying colder waters into the warm sea, and producing a colder air along the low plains which stretch from the shores of the Pacific to the base of the Andes.

This current, discovered by Humboldt, and called after his name, lowers the temperature of the air about twelve degrees; while that of the water itself is sometimes as much as twenty-four degrees colder than that of the still waters through which it runs. The cold air seriously affects the vegetation along the whole of this coast; at the same time that the cold stream raises fogs and mists, which not only conceal the shores and perplex the navigator, but extend inland also, and materially modify the climate. The beautiful and beneficent character of modifying influence becomes not only apparent, but most impressive, when we consider, as the rain map of the world shows us, that on the coast of Peru no rain ever falls; and that, like the desert of Sahara, it ought, therefore, to be condemned to perpetual barrenness. But in consequence of the cold stream thus running along its borders, "the atmosphere loses its transparence, and the sun is obscured for months together. The vapors at Lima are often so thick, that the sun seen through them with the naked eye assumes the appearance of the moon's disc. They commence in the morning, and extend over the plains in the form of refreshing fogs, which disappear soon after midday, and are followed by heavy dews, which are precipitated during the night." The morning mists and evening dews thus supply the place of the absent rains, and the verdure which covers the plains is the offspring of a sea river. What a charming myth would the ancient poets have made out of this striking compensation.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Remarkable Instance of Abstinence from Food and Drink.—H. Doesburg, Esq., editor of the *Hollander*, a paper published in the Dutch language, in the Holland Colony, in Western Michigan, communicates to the *Tribune* an interesting item which he culled from one of his Netherlandish exchanges, of one Engeltje Van der Vlies, a female, at Pijnacker, near Rotterdam, aged sixty-six years, who has not eaten in thirty-five nor drank in thirty-one years. She is now in her last decline. Professors, and doctors, and numerous scientific men from all parts of the world, go to see her. The Board of Health of the Hague instituted inquiries into the matter as far back as 1826. No medical man has yet ascertained the true condition of that wonderful lady. She lives in good humor, and suffers with Christian love and faith her lot and condition. This is certainly a remarkable phenomenon in the history of humanity, and is an important news item for the whole world, as there is no instance of such long abstinence among mankind.

Singular Freak of a Cat.—The proprietor of Apothecaries' Hall, on Main Street, has an extraordinary cat, which has attracted the attention of the curious for a year or two. Some time since she adopted a young fox into her family of kittens, and brought him up with the greatest care. More recently, having discovered a rat's nest in her peregrinations, she laid in wait and killed the two old ones, and took charge of the young rats, toward which she exhibited the utmost affection. However, pussy in this instance, acted rather hastily, for not having a family of her own, the young rats died for want of proper sustenance.—*Norfolk News.*

A Lucky Dream.—A correspondent of the *United States Gazette* gives the following curious account of the manner in which the mode of making round shot was originally discovered. We believe it will be new to many of our readers: My father was a plumber in this city, and for a long time could think of nothing but how to make round shot. Round shot was the burden of the night as well as the day. One night he was awakened by a blow in the back from my mother, who exclaimed, I have found out how to make round shot. I dreamed I was going into a shop to buy the child (myself) a hat, when, on hearing a hissing noise proceed from an inner room, I was informed that they were making round shot; on going in, I looked up, and saw a man pouring melted lead through a sieve at the top of the building, which fell into a tub of water on the floor, and on taking some of the shot into my hand, I found they were perfectly round! My father exclaimed in ecstasy, "You have found it out!" Immediately he set the melting pot to work, and on pouring some of the lead from the top of the stairs, he found the shot much rounder than any which he had before made. At daylight he poured some from the top of the leading tower in the city, succeeding much better; and on pouring some from the shaft of the mine he found that he had obtained "round shot."

OUR GENERAL AGENTS.

The following are general Agents for The Shekinah and Spiritual Telegraph, and will supply all the books in our list at publishers' prices:

Bela Marsh, No. 25 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
D. M. Dewey, Rochester, N. Y.
S. F. Hoyt, No. 3 First-st., Troy, N. Y.
Benjamin P. Wheeler, Utica, N. Y.
F. Bly, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Benjamin Percival, No. 89 South Sixth-st., a few doors north of Spruce-st., where all Books, Periodicals, and Papers on Spiritualism may be obtained.
Russel & Brother, No. 15 Fifth-st., near Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

☞ Other Agents and book dealers will be supplied promptly. The cash should accompany the order.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS ANNETTE BISHOP,
MINIATURE PAINTER,
No. 93 West Sixteenth Street.

☞ Specimens of Miss Bishop's pictures may be seen by applying to the Editor of the Telegraph, 300 Broadway, or at Miss B.'s rooms. tf.

DR. G. T. DEXTER,
86 East Thirty-first Street,
Between Lexington and Third Avenues,
NEW YORK.

WINCHESTER BRITTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
37 Wall Street (Jauncey Court).
Special attention given to collecting, and to commercial and marine law.

THE GREAT PIANO AND MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT.
HORACE WATERS, 333 BROADWAY.
THE BEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD.

T. Gilbert & Co.'s celebrated Pianos with iron frames and circulars are acknowledged by artists and the public to be the best square Pianos in the world; the beauty of tone and solidity of construction has been the theme of general admiration; they defy competition in tone, quality, and price.

THE ÆOLIAN PATENT.

T. Gilbert & Co. are the owners of the much admired Æolian which gives to the Piano the beautiful tones of the Organ, Harp, and Flute. T. G. & Co. being the owners, it is needless to add, they supply the public with Æolian Pianos at prices less than any other house.

With respect to this modern Piano improvement, it is necessary to state, that it is entirely independent of the Piano, that either the Æolian or Piano may be out of tune without injuring the other—it is necessary to state this, as many parties have understood it to be to the contrary.

H. Waters (Sole Agent).

MELODEONS.

S. D. & H. W. Smith's Melodeons are tuned in the equal temperament; the harmony is as good in the remote keys as it is in the common—the only Melodeons so tuned, and unquestionably the best. In corroboration of which statement, please see *Musical Review* for October, Editor's Notice.

Boudoir Pianos—admirably adapted for small rooms.
Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, from $40 to $150.
Martin's Guitars, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.
New Music published daily.

Horace Waters,
333 Broadway.

NEW MUSIC.
SONGS, POLKAS, AND WALTZES.

The Katydid Song. By Thomas Baker. - - - 25 cents.
"Didst ever ask the insect tattler what Katy really did to make such a stir in the world, and give occasion for its everlasting Song of Katydid? No! Well we *did*, and here is its answer." (This song is sung by the Buckleys, with immense applause.)

Do Good. Song and Chorus. Words by J. R. Orton; Music by I. B. Woodbury. - - - - - - - - - - 25 "
This is an excellent Song—beautiful words most happily wedded to Music. One would think it impossible to read it without wishing to "Do Good."

Bleak House Ballads. No. 1. **"Beginning the World."** Words by Fitz James O'Brien; Music by Thomas Baker. - - - 25 "
Rosa May. By F. Buckley. (Sung by Buckley's Serenaders.) - - - - - - - - - - 25 "
Joanna Snow. By L. V. H. Crosby. Comic Song and Chorus. - - - - - - - - - - 25 "

POPULAR SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Guardian Spirits. Words by James Simmonds; Music by Thomas Baker. - - - - - - - - - 25 "
We are Happy Now, Dear Mother. I. B. Woodbury. 25 "

POPULAR HOT-CORN SONGS.

The Dying Words of Little Katy. Written by Solon Robinson, author of the original story in the *Tribune*; Music by H. Waters, author of "The Mother's Vow." With a beautiful vignette, illustrative of the meeting with Little Katy. Price 38 cents. (Sung by Buckley's Serenaders.)
Little Katy, or Hot Corn. Words by James Simmonds; Music by A. Sedgwick. (Song and Chorus.) Nearly 10,000 copies of this Song have been sold in three months. - - - - - - 25 "
"A new edition of this Song has just been issued in another key (*b flat*) and the Music printed to all the words."

Published by HORACE WATERS, 333 Broadway.
(The great Depôt for T. Gilbert & Co.'s Pianos, S. D. & H. W. Smith's Melodeons, and Martin's Guitars.)

THE BLIND PREACHER'S SOAP.

A new article of Medicated Crystallized Soap, for Shaving and the Toilet, and for removing and clearing the Skin from Pimples, Tan, Sunburn, and Scurf. Also for the cure of Salt Rheum, Chapped Face and Hands, it stands unrivaled.

This celebrated Soap will remove all spots of Grease, Tar, Pitch, Oil, or Paint from any kind of Clothing, Silks, Satin, and may be used in salt or fresh water; also, will remove Black Ink from Linen. This soap has been fully tested for the last five years in the city of Albany and its vicinity.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Rub the dry Soap on the article, and then wipe off with a sponge wet with cold water.

Manufactured and sold by
T. S. GILLEN, the Blind Man,
No. 90 Norfolk St., near Delancey, New York.

VISITORS TO NEW YORK can find accommodations, by the day or week, at our establishment, 184 Twelfth Street, corner of University Place, one block west of Broadway.

Terms—$1 to $2 per day—$5 to $10 50 per week.

We intend also to furnish the best accommodations found in any city for the residence and treatment of Water-Cure patients.

O. H. Wellington, M.D.

Partridge & Brittan's Spiritual Library.

OUR LIST OF BOOKS

Embraces all the principal works devoted to Spiritualism, whether published by ourselves or others, and will comprehend all works of value that may be issued hereafter. The reader's attention is particularly invited to those named below, all of which may be found at the Office of The Shekinah and Spiritual Telegraph. The reader will perceive that the price of each book in the list, and the amount of postage, if forwarded by mail, are annexed.

The Shekinah, Vol. I.
By S. B. Brittan, Editor, and other writers, is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Spiritual Nature and Relations of Man. It treats especially of the Philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and contains interesting Facts and profound Expositions of the Psychical Conditions and Manifestations now attracting attention in Europe and America. This volume contains, in part, the Editor's Philosophy of the Soul; the Interesting Visions of Hon. J. W. Edmonds; Lives and Portraits of Seers and Eminent Spiritualists; *Fac-similes* of Mystical Writings, in Foreign and Dead Languages, through E. P. Fowler, etc. Published by Partridge and Brittan. Bound in muslin, price $2 50; elegantly bound in morocco, lettered and gilt in a style suitable for a gift book, price $3 00; postage 34 cents.

Nature's Divine Revelations, etc.
By A. J. Davis, the Clairvoyant. Price, $2 00; postage, 43 cents.

The Great Harmonia, Vol. I.
The Physician. By A. J. Davis. Price, $1 25; postage, 20 cents.

The Great Harmonia, Vol. II.,
The Teacher. By A. J. Davis. Price, $1 00; postage, 19 cents.

The Great Harmonia, Vol. III.,
The Seer. By A. J. Davis. Price, $1 00; postage, 19 cents.

The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse.
By A. J. Davis. Price, 50 cents; postage, 9 cents.

The Philosophy of Special Providences.
A Vision. By A. J. Davis. Price, 15 cents; postage, 3 cents.

The Celestial Telegraph.
Or, secrets of the Life to Come, revealed through Magnetism; wherein the Existence, the Form, and the Occupation of the Soul after its Separation from the Body are proved by many year's Experiments, by the means of eight ecstatic Somnambulists, who had Eighty perceptions of Thirty-six Deceased Persons of various Conditions; a Description of them, their Conversation, etc., with proofs of their Existence in the Spiritual World. By L. A. Cahanet. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, $1 00; postage, 19 cents.

Familiar Spirits.
And Spiritual Manifestations; being a Series of Articles by Dr. Enoch Pond, Professor in the Bangor Theological Seminary. With a Reply, by A. Bingham, Esq., of Boston. Price 25 cents; postage 3 cents.

Night Side of Nature.
Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By Catharine Crowe. Price, $1 25; postage 20 cents.

The Macrocosm and Microcosm;
Or, the Universe Without and the Universe Within. By William Fishbough. This volume comprehends only the first part, or the Universe Without. Paper, bound, price, 50 cents; muslin, 75 cents; postage, 12 cents.

Arrest, Trial, and Acquittal of Abby Warner,
For Spirit-Rapping. By Dr. A. Underhill. Price, 12 cents; postage, 2 cents.

Physico-Physiological Researches
In the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemism, in their relations to Vital Force. By Baron Charles Von Reichenbach. Complete from the German second edition; with the addition of a Preface and Critical Notes, by John Ashburner, M.D.; third American Edition. Published by Partridge & Brittan at the reduced price of $1 00; postage, 20 cents.

Spiritual Experience of Mrs. Lorin L. Platt,
Medium. Price, 20 cents; postage, 3 cents.

Spirit-Manifestations:
Being an Exposition of Facts, Principles, etc. By Rev. Adin Ballou. Price, 75 cents; postage, 11 cents.

Spiritual Instructor:
Containing Facts and the Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. Price, 38 cents; postage, 6 cents.

The Spiritual Teacher.
By Spirits of the Sixth Circle. R. P. Ambler, Medium. Price, 50 cents; postage, 7 cents.

Light from The Spirit-World.
Being written by the control of Spirits. Rev. Charles Hammond, Medium. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents.

The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine.
Written by the Spirit of Thomas Paine, through C. Hammond, Medium. Published by Partridge and Brittan. Paper, price, 50 cents muslin, 75 cents; postage, 12 cents.

Elements of Spiritual Philosophy.
R. P. Ambler, Medium. Price, 25 cents; postage, 4 cents.

Stilling's Pneumatology,
Being a Reply to the Question, What Ought and Ought Not to be Believed or Disbelieved concerning Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions according to Nature, Reason, and Scripture. Translated from the German; edited by Prof. George Bush. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, 75 cents; postage, 16 cents.

Voices from the Spirit-World.
Isaac Post, Medium. Price, 50 cents; postage, 10 cents.

Dr. Esdaile's Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance.
With the Practical Application of Mesmerism in Surgery and Medicine. (English edition.) Price, $1 25; postage, 10 cents.

Also, Mesmerism in India.
By the same Author. Price, 75 cents; postage, 13 cents.

Fascination:
Or, the Philosophy of Charming. By John B. Newman, M.D. Price 40 cents; postage, 10 cents.

Shadow-Land;
Or, the Seer. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. Price, 25 cents; postage 5 cents.

Supernal Theology.
Alleged Spiritual Manifestations. Price, 25 cents; postage 5 cents.

Messages from the Superior State.
Communicated by John Murray, through J. M. Spear. Price, 50 cents; postage 8 cents.

Love and Wisdom from the Spirit-World.
By Jacob Harshman, writing Medium. Price, 60 cents; postage, 11 cents.

Seeress of Prevorst.
A Book of Facts and Revelations concerning the Inner Life of Man and a World of Spirits. By Justinus Kerner. New Edition; published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, 38 cents; postage, 6 cents.

Philosophy of Mysterious Agents.
Human and Mundane; or, The Dynamic Laws and Relations of Man. By E. C Rogers. Bound; price, $1 00; postage, 24 cents.

The Science of the Soul.
By Haddock. Price, 25 cents; postage, 5 cents.

Sorcery and Magic.
By Wright. Price, $1 25; postage, 19 cents.

The Clairvoyant Family Physician.
By Mrs. Tuttle. Paper, price 75 cents; muslin, $1 00; postage, 10 cents.

Answers to Seventeen Objections
Against Spiritual Intercourse. By John S. Adams. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Paper, price 25 cents; muslin, 38 cents; postage, 7 cents.

The Approaching Crisis:
Being a Review of Dr. Bushnell's recent Lectures on Supernaturalism. By A. J. Davis. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, 50 cents; postage, 13 cents.

Spirit-Minstrel.
A collection of Ninety familiar Tunes and Hymns, appropriate to Meetings for Spiritual Intercourse. Paper, 25 cents; muslin, 38 cents; postage, 6 cents.

Spirit-Voices—Odes.
Dictated by Spirits, for the use of Circles. By E. C. Henck, Medium. Price, muslin, 38 cents, postage, 6 cents.

Buchanan's Journal of Man.
A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the new science of Anthropology, based upon experiments on the living brain; comprising an enlarged sytem of Phrenology, a new science of Cerebral Physiology, a new system of Physiognomy, a new science of Sarcognomy, a mathematical science of Pathognomy; and illustrating the philosophy of Spiritualism, Mesmerism, Health, Disease, Education, and Universal Reform. Terms, $2 per year in advance; 25 cents per Number.

Philosophy of the Spirit-World.
Rev. Charles Hammond, Medium. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price 63 cents; postage 12 cents.

Beecher's Report on the Spiritual Manifestations
To the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn. Price, paper, 25 cents; muslin, 38 cents; postage, 3 and 6 cents.

The Present Age and the Inner Life,
Being a sequel to Spiritual Intercourse. By A. J. Davis. This is an elegant book, of near 300 pages octavo, illustrated; just published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, $1 00; postage, 23 cents.

Reply to a Discourse
Of Rev. S. W. Lind, D.D., President Western Baptist Theological Institute, Covington, Kentucky, by P. E. Bland, A. M., St. Louis. Price, 15 cents; postage, 2 cents.

The Harmonial Man;
Or, Thoughts for the Age. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Price, 30 cents; postage, 6 cents.

The Ministry of Angels Realized.
By A. E. Newton, Boston. Price, 12 cents; postage, 1 cent.

Review of Beecher's Report.
Review of Rev. Charles Beecher's opinion of the Spirit Manifestations, by John S. Adams. Price, 6 cents; postage, 1 cent.

Amaranth Blooms.
A Collection of embodied Poetical Thoughts, by Mrs. S. S. Smith. Price, 62 cents; postage, 8 cents.

Biography of Mrs. Semantha Mettler,
And an account of the Wonderful Cures performed by her. By Francis H. Green. Harmonial Association, publishers. Price, paper, 25 cents; muslin, 38 cents; postage, 6 cents.

The Spiritual Telegraph,
Volume I., a few copies complete, bound in a substantial manner—contains the fullest record of the facts, etc., of the Spiritual movement that has been published. Partridge and Brittan. Price $3.

A Chart,
Exhibiting an Outline of the Progressive History and Approaching Destiny of the Race. Bound, or on rollers. By A. J. Davis. Partridge and Brittan, Publishers. Price $1 75.

Brittan and Richmond's Discussion,
400 pages octavo. This work contains twenty-four letters from each of the parties above named, embodying a great number of facts and arguments, pro and con, designed to illustrate the Spiritual phenomena of all ages, but especially the modern Manifestations. To insure a wide circulation, the work is offered at the low price of $1. Postage, 28 cents. Published by Partridge and Brittan.

Discourses from the Spirit-World,
Dictated by Stephen Olin, through Rev. R. P. Wilson, writing medium. To do good is the golden rule of the universe. New York: Partridge and Brittan. This is an interesting volume of some 200 pages, just published. Price 63 cents. Postage, 10 cents.

Brittan's Review of Beecher's Report,
Wherein the conclusions of the latter are carefully examined and tested by a comparison with his premises, with reason, and with the facts. Price 25 cents, paper bound, and 38 cents in muslin; postage 3 and 6 cents.

Spirit-Intercourse;
Containing incidents of Personal Experience while investigating the new phenomena of Spirit-thought and action; with various Spirit communications through himself as medium. By Herman Snow, late Unitarian minister at Montague, Massachusetts. Price, 60 cents; postage, 10 cents.

Spiritualism;
By Judge Edmonds and Dr. G. T. Dexter, with an Appendix by Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, and others. Price $1 25 cents. Postage, 30 cents.

A Compendium of the Theological and Spiritual Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg;
Being a Systematic and Orderly Epitome of all his Religious Works; selected from more than Thirty Volumes, and embracing all his Fundamental Principles, with Copious Illustrations and Teachings. With an appropriate Introduction, Prefaced by a full Life of the Author; with a brief View of all his Works on Science, Philosophy, and Theology. Partridge and Brittan, General Agents. Price $2. Postage 45 cents.

Proceedings of the Hartford Bible Convention.
Reported phonographically by Andrew J. Graham. Published for the Committee; 383 pages, 12 mo. Price, 75 cents; postage, 17 cents.

The Conflict of Ages;
Or the Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man; by Edward Beecher D.D. Price, $1 25; postage, 23 cents.

Spirit-works Real but not Miraculous.
A Lecture, read at the City Hall, in Roxbury, Mass., by Allan Putnam. Price, 25 cents; postage, 3 cents.

A Treaties on the Peculiarities of the Bible.
Being an Exposition of the Principles involved in some of the most remarkable Facts and Phenomena recorded in Revelation; by Rev. E. D. Rendell. Price, 75 cents; postage, 17 cents.

The Telegraph Papers.
Vol. I.; edited by S. B. Brittan. This volume of miscellanies comprises all the important articles published in the Spiritual Telegraph for the three months ending August 1st, 1853—over 400 pages, 12 mo. Price, 75 cents.

THE FOLLOWING ARE BY THE SHAKERS.

Divine Inspiration and Revelation;
Showing the necessity thereof in all ages, ... also a discourse on the Second Appearing of Christ . . . . together with a discourse on the Propriety and Necessity of a United Inheritance in all things, in order to support a true Christian Community; by William Leonard. Price 12½ cents. Postage, 3 cents.

A Short Treatise
On the Second Appearing of Christ, in and through the order of the female. By F. W. Evans, New Lebanon, N. Y. Price 6 cents. Postage, 1 cent.

Tests of Divine Inspiration:
Or, the Rudimental Principles by which true and false Revelation, in all eras of the world, can be uneringly Discriminated. By F. W. Evans. Price 25 cents; postage 4 cents.

PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN, Publishers,
No. 300 Broadway, New York.

JUDGE EDMONDS AND DR. DEXTER'S REMARKABLE WORK

ON SPIRITUALISM

Was issued on the 15th of October, and has already passed to the

SEVENTH EDITION.

CONTENTS OF THIS WORK.

The First Part consists of a comprehensive and forcible analysis of the Spiritual experience of Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, through whose mediumship this book has been given to the public.

The Second Part is a faithful record of numerous interviews with Spirits claiming to be Emanuel Swedenborg and Lord Bacon, wherein they give philosophical disquisitions in reply to numerous questions respecting the life of Spirits.

Part Third is a copious Appendix, embracing the experience and observation of Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, late United States Senator and Governor of Wisconsin, together with the similar experience of several other persons, Correspondence, etc.

The work is embellished with a beautiful frontispiece, drawn by a Spirit, engraved on steel, illustrative of the departure of a Spirit from the earth-sphere; also, six pages of *fac-similes* of Spirit-writing, and other engraved illustrations. The work is a splendid octavo of over 500 pages, handsomely printed on fine paper, and bound, for $1 25. Postage, 30 c.

Partridge & Brittan.

CLAIRVOYANCE Applied to the Discovery and Cure of all Diseases; and to the delineation of human character. How to correct bad habits, etc. Persons at a distance must send a lock of hair and fee the secure attention. Charts of the Mind, 16 pages, $2 to $5. Medical Examination $2, and Prescription $4, when by agency, and $1 and $3, when subject is present. Dr. R. will lecture on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, at points not over 200 miles from Utica. He will be always assisted by Spirits of Intelligence and Truth.

Address, post paid, Marucus J. Avery, or P. B. Randolph, Clairvoyant, No. 4 Rebecca-st., Utica, New York. t.f.

PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD-WILL TO MAN.—God willing, I will devote one year to teaching the sublime principles of the Harmonial Philosophy.

"Pledged but to truth, to liberty, and law,
No favor sways, and no fear shall awe."

Knowing no sect, ism, or creed, and believing *all*, then, to be brothers, my theme will be HUMANITY; my watchword, PROGRESS; my aim, REFORM. Spirits direct my speech on nearly all occasions. Address, post-paid, Utica or Auburn, N. Y.,

78 P. B. Randolph, *Oral Medium.*

JUST PUBLISHED.—Reports from the Celestial Court is the title of a work of 144 pages, exhibiting a new phase of Spiritual development, and purporting to be dictated mostly by the Spirit of Daniel Webster, written through John Fuller, medium. It is in the form of a suit at law, and a conventional effort to remove differences existing between the celestial country and rudimental spheres.

In regard to the merits of the work, an examination is the surest mode of deciding. Dealers in Spiritual books will be supplied at their request. Price, paper, 25 cents; muslin, 37½ cents. The usual deductions to booksellers. All orders addressed to John Fuller, Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y., will be promptly attended to. 78

WANTED.—A young man who has a few leisure hours in the evening writes a plain and rapid hand, and would like to fill up his spare time in copying by folio or otherwise. Please address W. E. V., office of this paper. 76 tf.

Public Media.—Mrs. Ann Leah Brown, everywhere known as one of the most powerful rapping mediums, resides at No. 78 West Twenty-sixth Street, where persons desiring to investigate the Spiritual phenomena may be favored with an opportunity. Hours of Public Circles, 3 and 8 P.M. Admission, $1.

Mrs. W. B. Coan, who has attracted much attention as an interesting writing and rapping medium, occupies rooms at No. 60 White Street, near Broadway, where she may be seen during the day and evening. Hours from 9 to 12, A.M., and from 2 to 5 and 7 to 10, P.M., every day in the week. Admission, 50 cents.

Mrs. M. Long, a medium for the Spiritual Manifestations, in whose presence various interesting phenomena are said to have occurred, has apartments at No. 419 Sixth Avenue, where she also may be visited by any who take an interest in such matters. Hours of Public Circles, 3 to 6 and 8 to 10, P.M. Admission, 50 cents.

NEW YORK STEREOTYPE ASSOCIATION PRINT. 201 WILLIAM STREET.